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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

JAPANESE VIEWS ON DISARMAMENT

THE Tokyo *Jiji* believes that the practical way to bring about disarmament is, first, for Japan, Great Britain, and the United States to reach an understanding as to the ratio which their three navies shall bear to each other, making the strength of each so small that it cannot conduct offensive operations against either of its relatively remote associates. It suggests that the navy of Great Britain should be as four to three to the navy of the United States, and the navy of the United States as three to two as compared with Japan, though it would prefer to see these ratios made: three, three, and two.

It also recommends abolishing dreadnoughts, both with a view to lightening the financial burdens of all three powers, and because dreadnoughts are preeminently weapons of offense. This is quoted as Senator Borah's proposal.

Tokyo *Nichi-Nichi* prints a comparison of Japanese expenditures for various purposes in 1913 and in 1921. The greatest increase is for the Navy Department, where the growth has been fifty-seven per cent. However, this is closely followed by the Department of Education, where the increase is fifty per cent. The War Department comes well down in the list, below Communications, Agriculture and Commerce, and the Foreign Office, with an increase of twenty-seven per cent. We take this as including only the items in the regular Japanese budget and not extraordinary appropriations.

Yomiuri holds that disarmament to be really effective should cover not only the navy with regard to its types of ships, their tonnage and guns, and so on, but also the use of aircraft, submarines, and bombs. Even though the object of checking naval rivalry may be attained, that would not altogether stop war in the world. For the latter purpose the Powers must go the length of establishing limits, not only to bases for the operation of aircraft submarines and for bomb throwing, but also in the matter of naval ports and fortifications. That is why the opinion is strongly advanced that the Washington Conference should make a point of requiring the removal or reduction of defense works in the Pacific.

The *Yorodzu* says that, in an abstract sense, nobody will oppose the naval-limitation movement. But men begin to differ as soon as the manner of attaining this object is considered.

England, for instance, regards it as absolutely necessary that she possess a navy of sufficient strength to ensure the geographical constitution of the Empire and the safety

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of its component parts. Japan considers the plan of construction now in progress as the minimum for the purpose of guaranteeing her geographical integrity. America insists on having a navy which is commensurate with her prestige and dignity, and powerful enough to reduce the chances of international collisions to the lowest possible point.

These conflicting interests, it believes, will be very hard to reconcile.

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THE A.R.A. IN RUSSIA

THE Moscow *Isvestia* of October 7 publishes a statement by the 'Special Representative of the Soviet Government' with the American Relief Administration, according the highest praise to the skill and generosity with which the Hoover relief work is being carried on.

While the officials of the League of Nations are simply playing politics and investigating [it declares], America has been rendering genuine assistance. All the work has been organized on a truly American scale. Two thousand tons of food-supplies have been delivered in Petrograd by the A.R.A., and distributed there among the starving children. Enough food has been ordered to feed a million children for five months. Some of this food has already been delivered to Russia, part is on the way. Sugar, milk, cocoa, rice, beans, peas, flour, and fats are being delivered. Four thousand tons of food-supplies are being shipped through Riga. Of this amount, 992 tons have already been brought to Moscow, and thence reshipped to Kazan. A part of these supplies has already been distributed among children there. The city of Samara is scheduled to receive 1201 tons, some of which has already been distributed. Thirty carloads of medical supplies are on the way from Paris, *via* Riga, while the total amount appropriated for medical supplies to be given us is three million dollars. Half a million dollars have been appropriated in New York for the purchase of clothing for children; 320,000 tons of soap have been ordered and are being shipped, while 125,000 thousand yards of woolen cloth have been shipped from Riga to Moscow and the Volga region.

Isvestia points out, however, that no matter how successful the work of the A.R.A. may be, it represents at best a very small contribution to the solution of the stupendous problem. The relief of the famine districts, it declares, must be for the most part provided for by Russia, with her own forces and in accordance with the programme mapped out by the Russian relief authorities.

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GREEK POLITICS AND FINANCE

THE visit to Paris of the Hellenic Prime Minister, M. Gounaris, has intensified various rumors which have been current for some time in French and British official circles. These rumors point to the possibility of new and startling developments, both in Asia Minor and in Greece itself. Notwithstanding the statement made by M. Gounaris to the Greek Chamber before his departure for Paris, that 'Greece has obtained control of 100,000 square kilometres of territory, instead of the 16,000 awarded to her by the Treaty of Sèvres,' the French press is a unit in the belief that the Greek campaign in Asia Minor has failed. According to *Le Temps*, the entire revenues of Greece at the present time are insufficient to carry on the government services; so that the cost of military operations must be met by borrowing or by subsidies from some other country. The cost is becoming prohibitive, and the people have grown war-weary. Crete is said to be almost openly in revolt.

Meanwhile, the negotiations which have been proceeding between a French emissary and the Kemalists at Angora, have reached a state where their general terms have crept into the newspapers and have caused considerable perturbation in Great Britain. The surface indications demonstrate that things are

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not going well with the Constantinists, and the eventual abdication of the King is now thought to be within the range of possibility.

The special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, who has been studying the 'home front' of the Greek Army, reports that the masses of the people in the Hellenic kingdom are extremely puzzled over the situation. Everywhere he was asked, 'Why so many victories and yet no end of the war?' Some time ago the Greek people were highly elated by the military successes of their army and by newspaper assurances that the Turkish forces were on the point of being surrounded. It was even predicted by the Athens press that within two months the Greek flag would fly over Constantinople.

There are many indications that all elements among the Greek people are becoming restive under this prolongation of a war from which they can discern no substantial outcome. Prices have kept rising in Greece, and this is naturally attributed to the heavy expense of military operations. Before the war, the Greek drachma, like the French franc, stood at twenty-five to the pound sterling. At the Armistice, and for about a year thereafter, it stood somewhat above par. Then it began to fall in value, and at present the ratio within the Greek frontiers is about sixty-five to the pound sterling. It is easy to understand how the household life of every family in Greece has been seriously upset by this startling fall.

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SOUTH AFRICA'S ASIATIC PROBLEM

In the British South African states the question of maintaining restrictions on the further immigration of laborers from India has been the theme of a lively controversy for many months. In Natal, there are now 135,000 Asiatics, — almost all East Indians, — while the European population amounts to only 122,000. In the Transvaal, the East Indians number 12,000, and in the Orange Free State there are practically none at all.

The reason for this unequal distribution is to be found in differences of treatment, which have survived since the Boer times. Under the laws of Natal the East Indians enjoy unrestricted rights of land-owning and of trade; they also possess the right to vote in local elections. In the Transvaal, on the other hand, they are not permitted to own land except in specified locations, and they are debarred from voting altogether. The Orange Free State practically excludes them from residence.

The Asiatic Enquiry Commission, which made a study of the situation some months ago, has recommended that these restrictive laws be continued in force, and has suggested that the voluntary repatriation of East Indians should be encouraged. A further recommendation is that 'municipalities should lay out residential areas, and set aside certain streets to which Asiatics should gradually be attracted.' This proposal of segregation is being bitterly opposed by the Indian leaders.

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THE MILITARIST *COUP* IN PORTUGAL

During the third week in October a militarist insurrection took place in Lisbon and was successful in overthrowing the Granjo Government. Señor Granjo, Admiral Machado, the founder of the Republic, and certain other ministers were assassinated. The leader of the insurrection, Colonel Manuel Coelho, established a new ministry with himself at its head, and this was promptly accepted by the President of the Republic. From all accounts the insurrectionists had no serious difficulty in seizing the strategic positions and

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making themselves masters of the city within a few hours.

The overturn in the Portuguese Government was not entirely unexpected in the other European chancelleries. There has been a constant round of assassinations since the murder of King Carlos in 1908. During the intervening thirteen years Portugal has had no fewer than thirty ministries.

Since the close of the war the economic situation in Portugal has been steadily growing more difficult. Few countries have suffered more from the instability of exchange and the rise in prices. The new Ministry has promised some radical reforms of an economic character, including a drastic reduction in public expenditures; but serious doubts are expressed whether it will be strong enough and sufficiently long-lived to carry its programme into effect. Colonel Coelho is said to be a capable and aggressive leader, from whom some decisive action may properly be expected. The new government has repudiated the assassination of the Ministers, and has procured the arrest of the assassins, who are now in prison awaiting trial.

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LENIN'S NEXT MOVE

Reports from Moscow tend to corroborate the rumors that have been appearing in the German press regarding the Soviet Government's preparations for convoking a Constituent Assembly. Lenin and his colleagues are reported from several sources to be spending much time in secret conferences on an elaborate plan for the choice of an assembly which will be more truly democratic than the All-Russian Central Executive. Intimations have been given that this new assembly will be constructed somewhat along the lines of the old Imperial Duma. A meeting of the All-Russian Executive was opened on October 5; but three days later (before all the members had arrived), the session hurriedly adjourned. This action is thought to forecast the announcement of some important changes in the framework of the Russian government. Moreover, the chiefs of the press bureaux attached to the Soviet diplomatic delegations at various European capitals have been summoned to Moscow; the ostensible object being to give them general instructions for the more effective conduct of Soviet propaganda abroad. Some observers have taken this to mean that the propagandist organization is now preparing the ground for important announcements.

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THE NEW SWEDISH MINISTRY

Following the general election in Sweden, a new Ministry has been formed, with Herr Branting at its head. The new Prime Minister first endeavored to enlist the aid of the Liberals in the formation of a Coalition cabinet; but the Liberals refused their coöperation. In addition to serving as Prime Minister, Herr Branting has assumed, temporarily at least, the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. In his statement of policy, published in the *Svensk Handelstidning*, the Prime Minister declares the solution of the unemployment problem to be the most urgent task of the new Ministry; but, beyond indicating that the Government will accept no fantastic proposals for the solution of this problem, Herr Branting makes no definite suggestions as to the policy which will be pursued. Other portions of his inaugural statement deal with military expenditure, — which the Prime Minister declares must be cut down to an absolute minimum, — and with the democratization of industry, which he believes will require serious governmental consideration at an early date. As to fiscal matters, the recent elections disclosed an overwhelming sentiment

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against protection, and this mandate the Government proclaims its readiness to follow. As respects foreign policy, the Prime Minister declares that this must centre around the League of Nations.

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LORD NORTHCLIFFE ON THE PHILIPPINES

SPEAKING at a luncheon given in his honor at Manila, Lord Northcliffe responded to the request from some prominent Filipinos that he express his views as to the possibility of insular independence. During his very brief visit to Manila he had seen enough, he said, to convince him that the Filipinos were getting a 'square deal.'

He asked the Filipinos present exactly what they meant by independence. Could such a small people exist without the sheltering care of a great nation such as had befriended them? The Philippine Islands were regarded as among the richest lands of the earth. Could any but a great power like the United States prevent the hands of overcrowded millions from absorbing their fair and wealthy acres? As one who belonged to a race of great overseas administrators, as one who had visited many parts, he could tell the Filipinos that they already had a liberal and generous form of independence.

The legislative power is entirely Filipino, the judiciary almost entirely; nearly all the chief departments are in Filipino hands. The Filipinos have as much home rule as Australians and South Africans. They have the gift of the services of the great American fleet and of the American army, and a share in the financial prestige and power of their benefactor.

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THE SENTINEL OF EUROPE

AT the unveiling of the Déroulède monument, on October 15, M. Barthou, the French Minister of War, took occasion to deny the English assertion that France is cherishing designs of an imperialist nature and is lacking in sympathy toward proposals for disarmament. After delivering a eulogy of Déroulède, whom he characterized as 'a knight-errant who had strayed into the ninteenth century,' M. Barthou digressed to say: —

> France is tired of suspicions entertained toward her by hypocritical ill-will or by over clever propaganda. She is tired of issuing *démentis* to convince those who have no eyes to see and have no ears to hear. Her pride and her dignity resent useless explanations, repetition of which will eventually become humiliating. If one looks throughout the world, one sees that imperialism is not a French sickness, and that there are perhaps others who might cure themselves of it, who so unjustly reproach us with it. Our diplomacy is without intrigue . . . our democracy is determined to maintain the peace that is necessary to it, and it is so strongly determined, that no one with us has unavowed designs of adventurous conquests.
>
> No country aspires more than ours and more loyally than ours to a reduction of its military expenditure. It has by its own effort preceded the generous appeal of the United States, and it will prove that it is prepared, not only to give explanations but also to proceed to acts. What it cannot agree to is its suicide. France is the advance sentinel of the world. In the interests of peace, of justice, and of France, this sentinel must not be disarmed.

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A BOURGEOIS VICTORY IN BERLIN

ELECTIONS held in Berlin during the third week of October, for the choice of municipal councilors, resulted in a sweeping victory for the so-called 'bourgeois' parties. The campaign was fought on national rather than on local issues. The German newspapers speak of the result as 'a stampede to the Right'; the *Rote Fahne* publishes the returns under the heading: 'Stinnes Conquers Berlin,' and adds the following comment: —

> The outcome of the Berlin election is of great importance, not merely for the Ger-

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man capital but for the country. Red Berlin, the chief stamping-ground of the revolutionary proletariat, the city in which the decisive battles on behalf of the proletariat have hitherto been fought, is now surrendered to the bourgeois parties. Such an outcome must surely have its influence on the course of state and national politics. It will clear the road, not only in Berlin, but in the nation, for the coming of a Stinnes government.

The London *Times*, noting that the Berlin municipal campaign was conducted on strictly national lines, speaks of the outcome as a 'militarist triumph,' and regards it as disquieting. It points out that the reactionary parties polled nearly 300,000 votes, which is 100,000 more than their vote of a year ago. This marked accession to their strength, the *Times* believes, cannot be ascribed to local causes, and must be regarded as a disquieting symptom.

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THE WOMEN'S DEFEAT AT CAMBRIDGE

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY has again decided to distinguish itself from every other university in the United Kingdom by refusing to open its full membership to women. This action has been variously criticized and commented upon from different quarters. Apparently the decision at Cambridge was not actuated by sheer perversity, nor by the desire to be unlike Oxford, nor, indeed, by hostility to the higher education of women. The arguments most plausibly put forward by the opponents of equal rights concern the desirability of reserving the control of at least one British university for men alone. It is not to be supposed, however, that this consideration was uppermost in the minds of all who voted against the proposal. According to the London *Observer*, there were other influential factors.

There were the younger science dons, not convinced that men and girls do one another good by working side by side in the laboratory; there were the London doctors, resenting the invasion of their profession by women; there were the country clergy, not liking the idea of women having a hand — even a very little hand — in the government of their university. And, perhaps, there is a general reaction from the generosity of the war epoch in the air.

Meanwhile a Royal Commission on the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge is gathering testimony and will shortly publish its report. Cambridge has signified its urgent need for more income, and the Commission has undertaken to inquire into the use which is now being made of existing resources. It is generally admitted that the Commission will have something to say regarding the situation that has been created by the exclusion of women from full membership; but it is also a general impression that 'outside interference' would be intensely disliked at Cambridge and might handicap rather than help the women's cause.

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MINOR NOTES

LUDWIG III, former King of Bavaria, died in Hungary on October 17. He was born in 1845, and ascended the throne in 1913. The period between Ludwig's accession and the outbreak of the war was marked by no developments of any great importance. The new King enthusiastically welcomed the war against England, and especially the invasion of Belgium. In the course of a speech delivered in June, 1915, King Ludwig declared his great satisfaction that England had entered the war, because he saw in this action a prospect of Germany being able to settle her accounts with all her enemies and of obtaining 'more favorable access to the sea.' During the later years of the war he lapsed into comparative obscurity.

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THE RULERS OF EUROPE TO-DAY

BY LT.-COL. CHARLES À COURT REPINGTON

[*Colonel Repington, who is one of the journalists attending the Washington Conference, is a distinguished English military critic and writer on international affairs. No mere theorist but a soldier of distinction, he has seen hard fighting with the British Army in India, Afghanistan, Burma, and the Sudan. He has been Military Attaché at The Hague, and on leaving the army became military critic of the* Times *and subsequently of the* Morning Post. *Since this article was written there has been a reconstruction of the German Cabinet, involving the demission of Dr. Walther Rathenau, who has hitherto held the important portfolio of Reconstruction.*]

From the *National Review, November*
(CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

THE war and the peace treaties left most of us with a very indistinct impression of the character of the various governments which we had set up in continental Europe, and with no impression at all of the men in charge of these governments. In fact, they changed from day to day, and we had scarcely accustomed ourselves to a Simons, a Witos, a Karolyi, or a Mayr before they passed away and were succeeded by others, who for the greater part were little known to us and appeared and disappeared like transient shades. The Europe of our experience had vanished. Authority in some countries had very palpably lapsed. There were new ideas simmering, mostly of a republican tendency. The great states were doomed in many countries, and universal suffrage with an eight-hour day was the rule. But who ruled, and how they ruled, and why they ruled, was more or less a mystery to us. Unconsciously our ideas of Europe remained those of the old Europe, when in fact all the old Continent was in solution, or rather dissolution, and among the recently belligerent nations there remained only France, the most conservative country on earth, standing like an ensign on a hill, to remind us of anything that we had known before. . . .

Obviously, when four great empires are suddenly broken up or diminished, and a number of new states emerge from the cauldron of a peace, and a host of new men from the bourgeoisie, agrarian, educational, and other ranks suddenly assume charge of state machinery, and all the play of the old parties is no more, then we are in the presence of conditions with which we are not acquainted. Unless we are content to take all our new ideas at second-hand from other people, who are as likely as not to be stupid, wrong, prejudiced, or with axes to grind, we must make a virtue of necessity and go and see for ourselves.

At all events, I took that course at the first favorable opportunity that offered in the form of a suggestion from Viscount Burnham, and proceeded to make a grand tour through Europe on the model of our ancestors, with some advantages in respect to rapidity of travel that our forbears did not share, but with corresponding disadvantages, among which discomforts, dirt, crowds, bad food, and the attentions of train-bandits were among the least. The greatest disappointment of all was to find that almost everyone whom one knew before had disappeared. The old magnates and the gentry generally had

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little or no share in the new governments, and had retired to their castles and their country houses — so long as they were permitted to retain them — to mourn over the regretted past. . . .

In the present German Government there are three men who count, namely, Dr. Wirth, the Chancellor, Dr. Rosen, the Foreign Minister, and Dr. Walther Rathenau, whose chief business is reconstruction. If I do not name President Ebert, it is because one never hears his name mentioned. Wirth is a tall and powerfully made Swabian, forty-one years of age, with a healthy complexion, totally devoid of pretentiousness, and indeed with a modesty which one hardly expects in a successor of the mighty Bismarck. Wirth is generally regarded as an honest and courageous man, whose retention in power is equally an interest of Germany as of other Powers. This opinion is shared by all the Allied and Associated *corps diplomatique* in Berlin. The Chancellor took upon himself the task of accepting the Allied Ultimatum of last May, and now has the equally unpopular duty of doubling the German revenue in order to pay the reparations. We have, in principle, suspended the economic sanctions on the Rhine as a tribute to his loyal and straightforward dealing, but all the Right parties are bitterly hostile to him, and the recent fall of the mark will add to his difficulties. If peace is to be preserved and further sanctions avoided, the Wirth policy, if not his government, must be continued. The Right are incapable of forming a government, except by dint of another revolution, but the Chancellor has a most invidious task in front of him, and if he falls we shall have a stormy time in prospect.

Dr. Rosen is a much older man than the Chancellor, and is a trained diplomatist of the old school. We have heard of him in Abyssinia, at Tangiers, and at The Hague, from which latter capital he came to his new post. At The Hague he was boycotted by his colleagues owing to some childish question of diplomatic precedence. He is experienced and well-informed, but has the disadvantage of being considered an enemy of England, for which reputation he is unable to account. Like all his contemporaries in the German diplomatic service, he probably hankers for the old régime, and Dr. Wirth has probably taken him on account of his knowledge of diplomatic etiquette and wide acquaintance with affairs. Rathenau is the most influential of the ministers next to the Chancellor. Skilled in the theory and practice of economics, he is also a writer of many widely read books, and one of the most remarkable intellects in Germany. The preface to his work *Von kommenden Dingen* explains the man, but perhaps his spirit is too subtle, and his elaboration of ideas too Teutonically voluminous, to appeal to many British readers.

Taking Austria next, we find Dr. Heinisch, the Minister President, and Herr Schober, the Chancellor and Foreign Minister, the leading figures. President Heinisch is a calm and dignified country gentleman, without great enthusiasm, perhaps, but also without dangerous ambitions. He is a man to be trusted, and his weight is always sure to be thrown on the side of prudence and moderation in all things. He is a sound practical farmer and hg hly skilled in the technique of intensive production. A steady figure rather than a brilliant one, but a sure support of a Ministry in difficult days. Chancellor Schober is everybody's friend at Vienna. A charming character and a man of the world in the best sense, he was formerly Police President, and there is very little about Vienna life that he does not know. He is much liked and trusted by the old régime as by the

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new, and can be firmly counted upon to pursue a policy of prudence and reserve in these difficult days which have come to Austria. Of men in the second rank of authority at Vienna I should reckon Dr. Friedrich Hertz and Dr. Schüller to be the most capable. The latter is in the Foreign Office, while the former has an office in the President's official residence and is a high authority on many political and economic questions. In the Austrian banks, which have so enormously developed their scope of late, are many intellects in the front rank, and in all financial negotiations Austria can name very sound representatives. I have not met the leaders of the Great German Party, who form at present a small minority in the Parliament. Their *Anschluss* programme of union with Germany is liable to run Austria upon diplomatic rocks if it be continued, but since Herr Schober took over the reins this party has given hostages for more prudent behavior. I have found no desire at all in Austria for the return of the Hapsburgs. Austria is in great straits so far as state finance is concerned, and it is the interests of the Allies to put her on her feet again, but remedies tarry, and the *valuta* goes from bad to worse.

If we turn north from Vienna we find Dr. Masaryk still the ruling spirit in Czechoslovakia and President of the new State. His past services to his country are in the memory of us all, and it is to be regretted that for more than half of this year the state of his health has removed him from the active conduct of affairs. During this period things have not gone too well for his country, which has particularly suffered from a somewhat selfish economic policy and has difficulties within. Dr. Masaryk's return to Prague from Capri has been hailed with delight by the Czechs, and has been followed by the formation of a Parliamentary Government with Dr. Bénès as Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs. M. Cerny, the Premier of a Government of permanent officials, had before this carried on, and it had been Dr. Bénès, the Foreign Minister, a political child of Masaryk's, who had come most to the front. Dr. Bénès is a comparatively young man who has won golden opinions in Europe during his recent travels. Sound, shrewd, capable, and active, he has based himself on the Entente, without on that account losing touch with Russia and the Slavs, since he regards Czechoslovakia as the western advance guard of the Slav people. He has, by a series of alliances and understandings, fortified the position of his country, not only against Germany, but against Germany's former allies, and has entered fully into the political designs of M. Take Jonescu, so far as they aim at the maintenance of the peace treaties and at the suppression of all disturbers of the peace. One must not talk to Dr. Bénès of the Balkanization of Central Europe. He does not admit it, but on the contrary has large ideas of his own for the creation of the United States of Central Europe, which he hopes to obtain, after some lapse of time, by a series of economic arrangements between Austria and the Succession States, which will restore some of the old liberty of trade without reviving the centralization and political defects of the Hapsburg régime. In this design he has not yet progressed very far, but certainly I have found that Austria and Hungary are not without sympathy toward the general idea. In any case, Bénès is a force to be counted with, even if his influence in his own country carries less weight than it does abroad. Those twelve divisions which Czechoslovakia could rapidly throw into the field are a support for her foreign policy and make her enemies beware of her.

It is not necessary to dwell much

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upon the internal politics of Italy, but we may certainly rejoice that her internal position has changed for the better during the past year, and that the industrial and agrarian troubles, in the north and south respectively, from which she was suffering acutely not long ago, have given place to a better feeling without disastrous conflicts on a large scale. In the domain of Foreign Affairs, Count Sforza was the presiding spirit up to the moment of his recent fall, and it is possible that his eclipse may only be temporary. A strong Ententist, he understood and carried out in practice the reserved and prudent policy of the country. He was always a moderating influence in the assemblies of the Powers, and possessed an infinite capacity for compromise and pacification. If he generally acted with England he was unable to follow her in her Near Eastern policy, and sided with France in the desire of the latter to revise the Treaty of Sèvres and render *viable* the much-reduced Ottoman Empire. It is not certain, after all the events of the past year, notably the Greek successes and the alliance between the Kemalists and the Soviet Government, whether Count Sforza's successor, the Marchese della Torretta, will continue the Sforza policy toward Greece and Turkey. There is no real want of harmony between Italy's policy and ours, but while England, France, and Italy follow different lines of thought, no Entente policy can exist in the Near East, nor can any one of these lines of thought be followed up to its logical consequences. If the new Foreign Minister of Italy can help to bring about a better understanding between the three Powers in this part of the world, he will do a signal service to the cause of peace. On the political side Count Sforza scored a marked success at Rapallo, and the Porto Rose Conference was intended to confirm this success on the commercial side. Finance, economics, and emigration are at the back of Italian foreign policy. Italy, under its present rulers, has no policy of aggression at all and is the enemy of adventures. There is no good reason why England and Italy should not march resolutely together in the present as they have in the past.

With Hungary we have many sympathies, which are often misunderstood both in Hungary and elsewhere. We like her people and their leaders. We sympathize with her terrible mutilation by the Trianon Treaty and we wish her to recover from her misfortunes. But we have to insist, with our friends, that the terms of the Treaty should be rigidly carried out. Except in this regrettable affair of Western Hungary — concerning which the Hungarian case has not been presented to us — the 'Royal Hungarian Government,' as it still terms itself, has shown great good sense since the fantastic fooling of Bela Kun was suppressed. Admiral Horthy, the Cromwell of Hungary, has his enemies, but whether we study the record of Count Teleki or Count Bethlen, Count Banffy or his predecessor at the Foreign Office, we find that the affairs of this much-mutilated state have been conducted with a sense of responsibility and a gravity that appeal to us.

Officially, at least, the harmful Magyar propaganda in Transylvania has terminated. Hungary, taught by misfortune, and too martial not to accept the verdict of arms, turns to reconstruction, and resolutely excludes adventures, if only from recognition of the fact that she will be crushed if she attempts them. Hungary is monarchical, but every Hungarian saw the folly of King Karl's recent escapade, and there are too many cool heads and experienced hands in the Hungarian Parliament for great political errors to be perpetrated when it is in the power of the Government at Budapest to repress them. In her gen-

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eral policy Hungary is more Left than Liberal. Power is in the hands of the peasants, and the smaller nobility are more noticeable in governments than the old historic families. No very marked personality towers over others now, though Counts Julius Andrassy and Albert Apponyi are still in public life; but Hungarian Parliamentarism follows English lines, and in spite of Trianon there is a considerable English sentiment, not lessened by the fact that the upper classes nearly all speak English fluently. In Minister Hegedus, who is in charge of finance, Hungary has a man who proposes that Hungary should save herself by her own exertions, and though there may be difficult days ahead for the country, there is a strong foundation of real statesmanship which gives hope for the recovery and reconstruction of Hungary if she keeps herself free from German tempters.

Rumania has become a country with seventeen million inhabitants, in possession of a more than doubled area of territory, with agricultural and mineral wealth which should not leave her future in doubt. But she has enemies, among whom the Bolsheviki, who keep an army on the Dniester, are not the least. All the coolness and experience of the King and of his brave Consort, who never despaired of her adopted country in the darkest days, are needed to guide the ship of State into a safe haven. Three figures stand out most prominently in Rumanian politics: first, General Avarescu, the present Prime Minister, secondly, M. Take Jonescu, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and thirdly, M. Bratiano, leader of the Liberals and probable successor to the premiership if the Conservatives are upset. Avarescu is a distinguished figure and a national hero. Everyone has confidence in his probity, his statesmanship, and his judgment. None of the accusations and criticisms often leveled against the politicians of Rumania touch him at all; but politics, in Rumania as elsewhere in continental Europe, are exceedingly bitter, and the recent withdrawal of the Opposition from Parliament has placed him in a difficult position. In the domain of foreign politics M. Take Jonescu is supreme. Alert, active, and wide-awake, he joins to a fine perception of the motives which sway men and nations a ripe experience of diplomacy over a series of years, and he has secured the external relations of Rumania upon a stable basis. The Little Entente is in the main his handiwork, and unites Rumania, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and practically Greece, in an association for mutual defense which no combination in the East of Europe is likely to upset. Poland is also associated with Rumania in defence against Bolshevist outbreaks, and the bedrock foundation of all is trust in the Entente and belief in the permanence of Anglo-French amity, without which all the diplomatic scaffoldings of post-war Europe are liable to fall down. M. Take Jonescu deserves our approval because he has buttressed up the peace treaties by his fruitful activity in a quarter of Europe to which we pay less attention than we should. If the confidence of the King and of the head of the Government are indispensable to him, it has not been wanting; and certainly this famous Foreign Minister, supported as he is by a powerful army, which is credited to be the most solid of all Rumanian institutions, has deserved well of his country and the Entente.

In Poland the Presidency of Marshal Pilsudsky scarcely seems compatible with the long endurance of any Ministry, not even that of M. Witos, and it is not, at the moment, possible to say what personalities may hereafter conduct the difficult affairs of the reunited

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country. We shall not see Poland reconstructed on a firm basis until she has a sound currency, and until the conscience of European statesmen is conquered with respect to Poland. A peaceful Europe is not conceivable without a strong Poland. Poland cannot be strong unless the Allies support her. If they do not, the eventuality of a Russo-German combination must hereafter be foreseen. These are the considerations which ought to weigh in Poland's favor. Even if the Poles appear lawless, feckless, fickle, and inefficient, we must remember their past sufferings, and how German, Austrian, and Russian armies traversed many times and ruined the country almost from end to end. In the domain of finance the preliminary Polish Budget of this year showed a deficit of 73 milliards of Polish marks, and the paper currency, also in July, exceeded 100 milliards of marks. The very vital questions of foreign exchanges and sound currencies can be dealt with effectually only by a world combination.

Yugoslavia is another country the future of which cannot at present be predicted. It has a new King, and a new Constitution passed by a small majority. Our admiration of the valor and constancy of the Serbs during the war cannot blind us to the fact that Yugoslavia as a State has not yet reached the condition of political stability and administrative order that are desirable, and that M. Pachich has serious trouble with his Communists, with the Croats and Slovenes, with finance, with trade, and with tariffs. The country is potentially powerful and has great resources. Its army is already a serious force. But the building up of a solid State out of such discordant elements as Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes must be a work of time, and until time has elapsed a profitable study of personalities is unobtainable.

It is different when we turn to Bulgaria and to Greece. Bulgaria remains a monarchy, and her young King Boris is one of the most agreeable figures in the East of Europe. Self-sacrificing, and with a strong sense of duty, he has become a popular figure, and is the most democratic of monarchs. So far as depends upon him, no adventures will ever be undertaken by Bulgaria. But his country lives in an atmosphere of foreign suspicion, and the Agrarian Party now in power does not include the best experience and brains of the country. M. Stamboulisky, the Prime Minister, is a son of the soil and a product of the Balkan times. His record in the past and his opposition to ex-Tsar Ferdinand and the war give him some right to complain that his Ententist sentiments, and those of his Government, are not taken into account. But Bulgaria's past treachery and crimes have aligned the world against her, and particularly the Little Entente, which suffered most from Bulgarian rapacity. It is perhaps the fundamental error of the Government of Sofia not to recognize that a few men who are well-intentioned do not absolve a whole people from their past offenses. Bulgaria is held in deep suspicion still, and M. Stamboulisky has displayed some indiscretion in his conduct of external affairs. He should have resolutely opposed the suspicious relations with the Kemalists and the Reds from the very first, and though he may be guiltless — even his chief political opponents inform me that they believe him guiltless — of any design to make agreements with Turks or Reds, he has allowed many suspected characters to come to Sofia and to stay there, while certain Bulgarian missions to Russia and Asia Minor are subjects of deep suspicion. If the Little Entente is filled with harsh views about Bulgaria, the latter has deserved them by her past offenses, and

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has urgent need of the greatest frankness and straight-dealing in her foreign policy if she desires, not only to regain the confidence of her neighbors, but to prevent worse things happening to her than have happened yet.

When we come to Greece we find that the Powers are most unfortunately divided in their attitude toward her. England on the whole wishes to support her if the King can make good, and would have been prepared to ratify the Treaty of Sèvres while accepting the King passively. France dislikes the King, and is, was, all for the revision of the Treaty and for supporting the Turks. Italy accepts without question the plebiscite which recalled the King, but joins France in her policy toward the Turks. An utterly invertebrate policy has therefore resulted. We leave all our ministers at Athens, though we have not yet recognized the King. Though it was at our urgent request that Greece sent an army to Asia Minor to drive Kemal back, we have not supported our agent either with men, money, or active sympathy. The position of the King is therefore difficult, and that of his Government still more so. The *Basileus* is everything in Greece. He was recalled by the all but unanimous vote of his people. Yet he is still kept in Coventry by the Allies, whose ministers have no relations with the Court officially. Judging the King by his acts, he undoubtedly has the country with him, has restricted himself to his constitutional rôle, and has led his army in the popular crusade against the Kemalists, who are now allied with the Reds. So far as I have been able to ascertain, both the King and his people long for British friendship and assistance, and fully believe that they are fighting England's enemies at England's instigation. The repute of England in Greece stands so high as to be predominant, but Greece is a little country which has accepted a mission almost too great for her resources, and it is high time that the Allies should compose their differences and bring this contest to an end.

There are many fine intelligences in Greece, which will never want for statesmen, or men versed in finance or affairs. M. Gounaris still leads the party in Parliament, and in relation to foreign politics the country to a man is solid behind the Government, which believes that it is merely continuing in external affairs, the policy of M. Venizelos. M. Gounaris is more highly considered in Greece than he is in certain foreign capitals, which still show a considerable suspicion of him. He is a good speaker with a good presence, and has gathered round him a capable body of ministers. M. Stratos is another man who is well considered by many, and at the head of the National Bank is M. Maximos, who is among the first financial authorities of the day. But the circumstances of the time indicate not obscurely that Greece is pursuing a policy in Asia Minor beyond her strength to terminate, and that it is not to her Greek personalities, but to those of the Entente, that the conclusion of peace must fall.

If we study all the leading personalities in turn, I think we can say that if, for the most part, they lack the distinction and prestige of the pre-war days, they are one and all honestly doing their best to promote peace and reconstruction. I have found no evidence of ill-will. The affairs of Governments are, as a rule, in the hands of previously unknown men, humble often in their origin, with no adventitious aids of great names, great successes, wealth, or social distinction. They live very modestly, and Giolitti's humble home is evidence of the fact. There is no social splendor anywhere, no parade, and no pretense

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of it. But there is a great lack, sometimes amounting to a complete absence, of authority. It is for this reason that the yearning for monarchy has returned, especially among the prouder races, who resent the lack of distinguished representation in their directing circles. The arm of the State does not reach very far, and the hand is often weak. Parliamentary government is not yet anywhere completely acclimatized. There are Governments of caretakers and permanent officials. There are Coalitions of somewhat discordant elements. There are Oppositions on strike, and there is here and there a form of pseudo-democratic tyranny. The vanquished are more or less disarmed, but the victors, England and the United States excepted, stronger than ever. There is an apparent lack of great men, and if I say 'apparent' it is not because I underrate the sterling qualities of many men now at the head of affairs, but because experience shows that statesmen do not spring into life all of a sudden, like Minerva from the head of Zeus, but grow slowly in repute and authority from a whole series of long experiences and successful endeavors. Scarcely any one of the men at the head of affairs on the continent of Europe, a king or two apart, has at his command this solid backing of prestige to affirm his position with his own people or to exercise authority abroad. Good-will, high character, brilliance, and industry many possess, but only time and a past record of real successes can affirm the predominance of a statesman, and therefore we must, I think, legislate for the long continuance of this want of prestige, and for the internal weaknesses, and perhaps upheavals, which may result from the failure of real authority in post-war Europe.

GERMANY'S SECRET ARMY PLANS

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

From the *Times*, *October* 19, 22, 24
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

No body of men in Europe have been more industrious, more vigilant, more cunning, since the Armistice than have the body of German military leaders, 'active' or 'retired,' in their endeavor to preserve all that might serve as a foundation for future strength. Their evasions of the Versailles disarmament clauses, their parries and thrusts against the efforts of the Control Organizations, have been uninterruptedly pursued in spite of Allied notes or decrees, Allied conferences, and Allied supervision on the spot.

It would be the highest indiscretion to imagine that the exclusion of many Monarchist generals from the Republican Reichswehr has sealed their fate and rendered them innocuous for all time. In Bavaria one hears the 'Ludendorff Group' spoken of frequently by those who know, as the most potent and most attractive power in the state; and the Ludendorff Group includes, besides that very active chief himself, Colonel Bauer, who last year planned a Russian-German-Hungarian alliance against the treaties, Commander Ehrhardt, the

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hero of the Kapp *Putsch*, Herr von Kahr, till recently Prime Minister of Bavaria and foremost among the No-Disarmament champions, an Austrian general or two, Colonels Xylander and Epp, and a score of other reactionaries, whose scheming, one must conclude, will continue so long as they draw breath.

The history of Bavaria in the last twelve months alone is the history of the Group's aspiration to power and of a hundred conspiracies on its part against disarmament.

Elsewhere in Germany, — in Pomerania, Hanover, Silesia, — and in the old Dual Monarchy, too, one may point to their henchmen, retired, it may be, from regular army life, but ready at any moment to renew activities, should the Group dictate. Of the redoubtable list of commanders who have distinguished themselves in civil warfare, as well as on active service, one need only recall such names as Höfer, Lettow-Vorbeck, von der Goltz, Wangenheim, Lüttwitz, and Reinhard, to realize which leaders would swiftly regain their former prominence should Allied watchfulness be relaxed. For these men the present régime simply does not exist. They stand aloof from all ideas of treaty fulfillment. They do not accept the changed map of Europe. The promptitude with which they have reappeared in uniform and in action on any day of disturbance in the Republic, whether caused by Communist uprisings or by reactionary ebullitions, has invariably been a certain feature of the crisis.

But this array of disappointed chiefs, dangerous as its influence may become, is only part of the danger that has to be considered. The Teutonic scientific mind is bigger and more alert even than the Teutonic military brain. Factories are at work at high pressure on potential war accoutrement and material. I have heard the conviction expressed by more than one authority that the explosion which devastated the Badische Fabrik at Oppau would not have occurred had no experimental work connected with the manufacture of engines of war, in some shape or form, been indulged in there. Chemical research, and even bacteriological experiments, with war as the ultimate end in view, are being carried out in universities and laboratories with that intensity and thoroughness that marked pre-war preparation. Entirely new implements and methods of destruction are being sought.

As a striking instance of what has already been done in direct experiment, it is known that the Germans have perfected various new types of machine-guns, some of them double- or treble-barreled, some worked by electrical devices which obviate the necessity of gun crews. As described to me by an expert, one of these machine-guns, weighing some 22 pounds and capable of spreading 2000 rounds per minute in a complete circle from each of its three barrels, could be worked electrically by a machine-gunner squatting, say, half a mile from the gun. Think of it — no gun crew at the gun-side, and 6000 shots a minute in any direction, or in three directions at once!

It is frequently supposed that, in spite of much chicane and not a little pugnacity from the German General Staff, the Allied military representatives have succeeded in effecting the genuine reduction of the legitimate Regular Army, the Reichswehr, to an establishment of 100,000. That is, however, a mistaken notion. On the one hand, every conceivable trick has been, and is being, resorted to, with a view to maintaining an ample surplus establishment of officers in commands and subordinate staffs. By means of shufflings and 'attachments,' the complement of

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senior officers, particularly, is still in excess of actual requirements. A glance at the latest Reichswehr list suggests that the existing regimental staffs might well serve as divisional headquarters staffs, the group of officers at the disposal of the colonel commanding being moulded on an elastic scale to permit of widespread training in staff duties. The percentage of seniors in charge of infantry companies is quite disproportionate.

Again, large branches of the service were camouflaged as civil officials by the transfer bodily of supply, ordnance, pensions, medical, and similar auxiliary services from the control of the Ministries of War to that of other ministries. For example, the war-pensions offices, employing several thousand ostensibly demilitarized service men doing service work, came under the Imperial Ministry of Labor. This sublimely artful expedient enabled the Ministries of War, not only to retain quantities of service men but to institute new offices of *liaison* in other ministerial departments. The plan has been detected. None the less, it is still to a great extent in force and will occupy the attention of the commissions for some time to come. For it is safe to predict further evasions on similar, if slightly different, lines.

A table of comparison between the old army corps and the new units shows that the latter are consistently modeled as miniatures of the former, maintaining their ancient traditions, drilling into their recruits the history and example of their regimental predecessors. They are stationed in practically every instance in the towns which served as their pre-war garrisons. A couple of companies of the Nineteenth Reichswehr correspond to the famous Leib Regiment; squadrons of mounted Reichswehr correspond to various regiments of Uhlans; and so on. Each battery of the Reichswehr artillery, each instructional battalion, each section of pioneers, is charged with the traditions of one or other of the old forces. So thorough has the War Ministry been, that one might almost search the table in vain for a flaw in the general scheme of preservation. Although the authorities refused to communicate the text of the decree relating to corps customs and traditions, it appeared in a recent issue of the *Deutsche Wehrmachts-Einteilung* and served to reveal the exact parentage of the new units.

In addition, I understand that this method of subterfuge has been extended by some of the Federal States to the *Polizei* as well. As an example, a former regiment of Pomeranian Grenadiers was indicated, the rank and file of which are now to be found in the companies of the Stettin security police.

In sum, present-day Germany presents no more striking feature (apart from the rapid strides the country is making toward economic prosperity) than the insistence with which her professional soldiers oppose, step by step and week by week, a reduction of her military might. It seems only yesterday that millions of Englishmen let fall the threads of their placid existence, and with millions of brothers-in-arms went into action with a stupendous but straightforward task before them. That task was the smashing-up, at all costs, even at the cost of the last human sacrifice, of the offensive and offending German war-machine. To one who did his very humble bit among cheery British comrades it is perturbing to have to record that, complete as was the rout of the forces under Hindenburg in the autumn of 1918, the possibilities of further offense in years to come have by no means been obliterated.

At present, Bavaria teems with semi-military, semi-political plotting. Four hundred political murders have been

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reported since the present year began. Much of the Separatist movement, which figures largely among the moral weapons at the disposal of South-German Right extremists, may be a temporary measure of camouflage; but Munich, and the Royalist leaders who congregate and conspire within her walls, are certainly more closely in touch with their Royalist associates in Hungarian and Austrian cities than they are with Berlin. It is a matter of astonishment to hear that the sturdy nucleus of militant Alpine reservists, since drastic steps were taken to suppress the Einwohnerwehr as such, are being reorganized, not from Bavaria, but from beyond the frontier, Innsbruck, now the headquarters of the movement, being beyond the sphere of 'enemy' supervision.

The Bavarian Reichswehr proper has a plain, straightforward strength of some twenty-odd thousand men. Formed out of the various Free Corps which, as at first constituted after the Revolution, represented the army of the counter-revolution, it no longer offers, as an armed force, any serious difficulty to the Allied control authorities, beyond the evident fact that it represents the *cadre* of a much bigger army. There is probably now no need for it to resort to the Krümper system of passing recruits through the ranks, all the effectives down to the 1921 class having undergone an ample period of military training.

The Reichswehr is, however, only an infinitesimal section of the well-drilled, enrolled, and equipped man-power of the Southern State. It is entirely swamped in size by the reserves embodied in the Security Police force, the Citizens' Defense Corps, and the many units of armed adventurers known to exist. The Security Police, for instance, is a formidable corps, living in barracks, and consisting of picked service men of a type markedly superior in physique, intelligence, and training to the ordinary ranker. Their maintenance is in direct defiance of General Nollet's instructions. A careful estimate places their strength in Bavaria alone at 35,000. They have a mounted regiment, which makes its appearance on occasion equipped with lances and swords in glittering array, as imposing a legion as any cavalry regiment in Europe.

The Bavarian Einwohnerwehr 'no longer exists.' There are citizens' defense corps, with a strength of probably 230,000 men — yet, we are told, the Einwohnerwehr no longer exists. There can be no talk or prospect of its dissolution, though thousands of its arms have, indeed, been destroyed. Save for its disarmament (it would be safer to say partial disarmament), and the dropping of its offending title, it has undergone no pacific transformation through all the exchanges of notes, which have made it so conspicuous.

True, it is not the public, complacent formation it was originally intended to be. Yet it flourishes. It has grown stronger in numbers since its partial disbandment. Its formations take part in every function of importance in the national life of Bavaria. One has seen it, in the last few weeks, marching in procession before the ex-King Ludwig and his suite. Ludendorff was there. Ehrhardt, supposed to be a fugitive from justice, was there, the most unassailable individual in the land. And Luttwitz, for whose arrest on a charge of high treason the Central German Government was offering a reward of 50,000 marks, was there, no doubt still acting solely from a desire to 'prepare forthwith a war of revenge,' as when he seized the Wilhelmstrasse last year.

The truth concerning the Bavarian Einwohnerwehr can be told in few words. It is maintained as an immense group of veterans' societies, held to-

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gether under new devices. When Escherich, founder and leader of the organization which united the secret societies of armed civilians, retired from office and returned to his old occupation under the Forestry Department, Munich ceased to be the main headquarters of the force. The 'Orgesch' (Organization Escherich) was succeeded by the 'Orka' (Organization Kanzler). Innsbruck became the centre of the whole movement, and it is from Innsbruck, where there is no control commission, that the thousand societies until lately known to the world as the Einwohnerwehr, are controlled at the present moment.

An Austrian general, Kraus, has been appointed director of affairs. His command post is frequented by the 'Ludendorff Group' — Colonels Bauer, Xylander, and company. At a recent conference Ludendorff himself read a report on the impressions of his journey of propaganda in East Prussia, and Xylander asserted that his secret dépôts contained half a million rifles, 6000 machine-guns, and 350 field-pieces. Further, there is reason to suspect the existence of many small rifle and machine-gun dépôts at isolated places in the Bavarian Alps and on the Junker estates.

One learns that the frontier has been practically thrown open, and that the traffic in arms across it goes on uninterruptedly, the frontier guards and customs officials having been roped into the service of the 'Orka' in considerable numbers. One learns, moreover, that officers' settlements are being promoted; that dozens of rifle-ranges, dotted about Bavaria, are in use; that there has been a marked growth in the societies of ex-soldiers who practise at them. Time will assuredly show that these societies are regrouped as something more than mere harmless ex-comrades' unions.

The liberties enjoyed by local irregulars — Ortswehr, freebooter, or 'auto-protection' organizations — in this corner of the Reich are remarkable. The vicious circle which links the 'anarchist of the Right' with the common mob of desperadoes finds confirmation in the existence of such bodies as the Freikorps Oberland.

The Oberland is a corps of Nationalist hooligans, controlled by the notorious Captain Ehrhardt, and other officers living in Munich largely under assumed names. Formed during the disturbances in Upper Silesia last spring, it figured prominently in the suppression of Polish insurrectionaries by the forces under General Höfer. There is no evidence to show that it remained mobilized in mass after the evacuation of the Silesian plebiscite area, but it is known to embody, and pay retaining fees to, several thousand Bavarian and Austrian youths, and to have several batteries of artillery.

Since the question of a German army is, fortunately, not a question of manpower alone, our chief guaranties in the past three years have obviously consisted in the dismantling of German frontier fortresses, the destruction of war-engines surplus to peace establishment, and the supervision of arsenals and armories.

In many respects the work achieved by the Allied disarmament and disbandment officials has been eminently satisfactory. There remains, however, the danger of looking upon the credit side of the Control Commission's account as permanent, and sufficient unto the future. That would be fatal. The German Disarmament Trust is not so obliging a community that it will continue work interminably of its own free will. There is no doubt that, within three months of the date when our general control is abandoned, the rearmament of the Empire will have begun in

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real earnest. There should be no question of offending the susceptibilities of a sincere German Central 'Government of Fulfillment' by emphasizing the rank bad faith of the military party. The truth can be no offense to Dr. Wirth and his colleagues in the present ministry, provided they are peacefully disposed toward the outside world.

It is for them as much as for the Allies to examine the writing on the wall. One might, indeed, ask to what extent the Minister for Defense, Dr. Gessler, has been kept informed of the activities of the Ludendorff Group; of the open southern frontier; of the passes distributed in thousands to peasants living along the Austrian border and trafficking in rifles and heavier arms; of the nominal rolls in the possession of Royalties; of the Innsbruck councils of war; of the recrudescence of the *Pickelhaube* régime at Munich.

The actual establishments, within the various Federal States, of guns, mine-throwers, machine-guns, and materials of munition generally is unknown. One runs grave risk of exaggerating the significance of statistics relating, on the one hand, to their destruction, and, on the other, to their clandestine retention. The experimental work which is proceeding in obscure laboratories, the perfecting of new machinery which will have its place in the ultimate military scheme, the activity of inventors laboring quietly at their drawing-boards, charts, or crucibles, under the protection of peace-time commercial concerns, and the restless propaganda in favor of the 'old spirit' are the things that count and the things that must be watched in the coming decade.

The question has sometimes been asked — how is it possible for whole batteries of artillery and flights of aeroplanes to escape the eye of Control representatives traveling the country in search of hidden machinery? The answer is simple. It is generally known that there is a discrepancy of several thousands between the number of guns which the Germans possessed at the time of the Armistice and the number destroyed, or still registered on the strength of legitimate formations. When the universal *sauve qui peut* took place at the end of 1918, many artillery remnants remained in the possession of the Royalist officers who later organized the Free Corps. These Free Corps were active all over Germany during the months that followed the upheaval. Their officers were in many cases landed proprietors, or the *protégés* of Junkers, with estates at the disposal of any Royalist counter-revolutionary movement. It thus undoubtedly came about that field-pieces, and even aeroplanes, as well as vast quantities of rifles and cartridges, were deflected and secreted for further use. While the Allied Control Commissions are to be complimented on having achieved the destruction of huge war-stores, the mobilization at short notice of irregular troop-formations in Silesia, East Prussia, the Ruhr district, Bavaria, and Thuringia proves conclusively that there are still hundreds of thousands of determined individuals in the country, intent on retaining their arms through thick and thin.

If evidence were needed, one might refer to the field-batteries which were mustered by South German irregulars and transported with amazing secrecy to Upper Silesia, to combat the last insurrection in that province. That was an occurrence, not of 1919 but of 1921. The corps under Ehrhardt, Bischoff, Rossbach, and men of such mettle seem never to have been at a loss to lay hands upon artillery suitable for their special escapades. These corps are smiled upon by Ludendorff, who, deeply concerned as he professed to be concerning the European future, can only

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imagine a Europe in which Germany is the foremost power, and himself foremost among the fêted generals of the day. It has been urged that Ludendorff with Hindenburg, the 'good old' chief, and the 'Men of 1914,' is discredited by the masses in Germany. But one should also bear in mind that the face of Germany may change overnight, as we have more than once seen it change in the past.

The tradition of the German war-time flying corps — the spirit of Immelmann, Udet, and the Richthofens — is kept alive in the *Deutscher Flieger Bund*, which embraces the former air-staffs, former Zeppelin commanders, and the pilots who mastered every trick of aerial combat over the Western Front.

Although Germany's military force possesses practically no flying arm today, the air-squadrons, which reluctantly abandoned the struggle for the sake of the confused battalions retiring on the ground beneath them, never admitted Allied supremacy, and for long after the Armistice exerted every possible influence to prevent the recognition of decisions taken by the Supreme Council at Versailles, Boulogne, and Spa on the subject of air-disarmament. The Control authorities' demand that the superfluous air-formations should be dismembered was met with protests that their services were needed to 'reassure the civilian population,' and at the same time to 'intervene in street-fighting' — an attitude naturally calculated to irritate the working classes of the country to the utmost. Various German ministers supported the wishes of the military party, declining to endorse the Allies' interpretation as to whether the treaty conditions had been fulfilled.

Whereas practically nothing of importance in relation to military aviation is at present being detected by our representatives in Germany, the commercial aviation companies are active and resourceful, and employ large amounts of capital. The Government has exempted from taxation all capital invested in them and is offering liberal postal contracts, thus giving them an indirect subsidy. Here, again, scientists are hard at work, both behind closed laboratory doors and in the open air. The significance attached by all European experts to the recent 'glider' tests in the hills of the Röhn district can scarcely be overestimated. Further, it must be borne in mind that the experience of Zeppelin builders in metal construction goes back much further than ours; that, in the case of the Staaken giant plane, the Germans could afford to spend £25,000 on a purely experimental machine; that at least six different types of metal aeroplanes designed since the war have been found by Control officers; and, finally, that experiments toward the end of the war were all in the direction of a heavier armament of aircraft or of guiding pilotless bombing machines to their destinations (London and Paris) by wireless electrical devices from the ground.

As to the difficult problem of defining the esential differences between civil and military aircraft, it is more than regrettable that the British Government in particular has shown no eagerness to sanction the definitions put forward by experts. Control of some kind is indispensable in order to prevent any sudden development of German aviation such as would endanger the cities and industrial centres of France and England in case of rapid aerial offensive. The formula proposed by certain British experts is worthy of examination in official quarters. It embodies two main restrictions: (1) that the maximum speed of German aircraft should not exceed, say, 110 miles an hour; and (2) that it should have a 'ceiling' or

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maximum altitude of, say, 9000 feet. Some such formula must necessarily form the basis of future surveillance.

It is only natural that our control organizations should have met with every form of chicane and opposition at the hands of Prussian and Bavarian general staffs. Outrages against Allied officers similar to those common in 1919 rarely occur now. Since their suppression the local army departments have settled down to a policy of obstruction, whereby the work of days is prolonged over a period of months. Demands for copies of police decrees, routine regulations, or medical rolls of ex-soldiers' societies, have been refused, referred to distant offices, quibbled over interminably.

To give one instance. Not so long ago, five military aeroplanes, the existence of which had never been communicated to the Commission, were discovered on some private property. In perfect condition, with engines well oiled, mounted with machine-guns, they were confiscated by a British officer, who reported them to his chief. When sent for, they were found to have been removed. They were subsequently traced to another hiding-place twenty miles away, having been badly damaged in the interval. With such trickery rampant, it is obvious that the groups responsible for it will not only take the 'last ounce of militarism' allowed by the treaty, but will use it as a pivot for further scheming.

There is reason to believe that, whatever be the view of our military authorities with regard to further extensive control, some British Government circles have proposed the complete withdrawal of the Commissions, and the substitution of military, naval, and air attachés. The question remains whether attachés could be humanly expected to withstand the obstruction to which the Commissions have been subjected, maintaining the right to search barracks, overhaul staff-registers and visit the engineering concerns from which trouble may be anticipated.

Blunders and disagreements have taken place in the past. The divergence of views between the British and French authorities has not been exaggerated. One might, nevertheless, mention notable instances of departments in which the different officers have worked in thorough and happy coöperation. A great deal of the friction that has existed has been directly traceable to sinister Teutonic influence. The Germans have spent, and are spending, formidable sums on spy-work under the guise of *liaison* and social intercourse, and have often succeeded in creating an atmosphere of suspicion between the Inter-Allied officers. The gullibility of a few junior officers who have come to regard Germans of their acquaintance as 'not bad fellows, after all,' has been fully exploited, as also has the 'aggressiveness' of a few Frenchmen, who have made the mistake of regarding their official investigations as matters of personal account.

German bitterness against the French is extreme. Expressions of irridentism may be heard everywhere. A West-German factory owner, employing 3000 men in his works, recently said to an Englishman, 'If I opened my factory doors and shouted inside, "Men, I take my revenge on the French!" the 3000 would rush out and follow me, using any tools or weapons they could lay their hands on.' Your correspondent was standing with a Frenchman, in the crowd watching the military demonstration at Munich on Sunday last, when a Fräulein at his elbow exclaimed to her guardian — 'Sieh, Papachen! if the French could see that . . . give them to think, nicht wahr?' No Munich cabaret would be complete without its anti-French couplets. In view of such

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bitterness one may be excused gloomy fears for the peace of the coming years.

What is to be done? If a reduction of our military representation in Germany is found necessary, it is to be hoped that officers will be retained capable of continuing their duties impersonally, in a spirit of close and keen coöperation, and with the pacification of the nations in their minds' eye. Above all, it is greatly to be hoped that the disarming of the offending elements in Central Europe, incomplete as it is, will suffer no check through the misguided desire to spare the feelings of professional Prussian or Bavarian militarists.

BRITISH POLICY AT WASHINGTON

From the *Outlook*, *October* 29
(London Conservative Literary Weekly)

The measure of American interest in the outcome of the Washington Conference is to be found, faithfully reflected, in the copious columns of the American Press. Long and expensive cables from London and Tokyo, Paris and Peking, adorn the front pages of the newspapers, in competitive company with the latest telegrams from Washington. They tell, with customary American thoroughness, of the plans and the hopes, the problems and the fears, that agitate the minds of those who will assemble at the Conference, and portray, with characteristic American admiration for successful men, the features and the foibles, the capabilities and the careers of the leading delegates due to arrive at Washington. The railway bandit, the beautiful divorcée, the millionaire murdered by an unknown woman, and the societies for the purification of American morals, all find publicity difficult to obtain as the Conference approaches; while American newspaper correspondents working abroad in Europe and in Asia, who have not seen the shores of their native, or adopted, land for a long time, find themselves under orders to return and continue their activities amid the solemn atmosphere of a decorous Washington.

It is inevitable that the feverish competition for news in answer to the silent demand of the American people should see many serious misconceptions and many false prophecies as to the British attitude toward the Conference, scrambling for a secure foothold in the pages of the American press. Some of these find their origin in the malice of prejudice, others in the irresponsibility of the ardent searcher for news; but the majority spring from honest misunderstanding. One American newspaper assures its readers that the British are coming to Washington to propose the cancelation of the debt arising out of the war. Another warns Britain of the peril of attempting to act as a mediating power between the United States and Japan. A third affects to believe that the British alliance with Japan is to be renewed and maintained as a potential weapon against the growing naval power of America; while a fourth gives printed currency to the rumor

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that a large British fleet is to be assembled, with its base at Singapore, and views the possibility of this action with natural anxiety for the future peace of the Pacific.

The British policy is, to foreign observers, surrounded with so much obscurity, — an obscurity born of a determination to wait and see what will happen at Washington, — and there is so little detailed definition of the British attitude toward the Conference, that it is surprising that many more of these perilous misconceptions do not arise and flourish. Yet by those who trouble to inquire, much may be learned about the British plans for Washington and the mental attitude with which the British delegates view their approaching labors.

The British policy, at the outset, will represent a compromise between the 'Eastern' and 'Western' schools. Like all compromise policies, it will be found lacking in clearness and not altogether consistent. There were two possible clear-cut British policies. This country could support Japanese ambitions at Washington, and thereby gain an undying friend in the Far East, but at the cost of offending America and probably making limitation of naval armaments impossible. The Empire could, on the contrary, throw itself whole-heartedly, as the predominant Liberal sentiment here would wish, in favor of the Open Door, against the so-called Imperialist tendencies of Japan, warning Japan in effect that on the issues now under dispute the Empire and the United States stand shoulder to shoulder. The opposition to this course from the 'Eastern school,' who fear the consequences to India and throughout the subject nations of Britain of a hostile Japan, proved too strong to be overcome. Hence the present compromise.

What I write indicates the present official position of the Empire; it must be remembered, however, that Mr. Lloyd George is famous for changing his mind, and that, subject to objections from the Dominions, the British Premier is practically a dictator. If he chooses, during the debates, to alter the British attitude, there will be none to say him nay.

Firstly, contrary to published reports in the United States, no proposals will be made by the British delegation in Washington tending toward cancelation of the British debt of a billion-odd pounds to the United States. Unofficial hints have been transmitted to the Foreign Office here, through the United States Embassy in London, that any such suggestions at the present time would be unacceptable to America. We have also gained the impression that the time to bring forward economic issues affecting world-trade is not now, but after the limited aims of the Washington Conference have been attained. Much stress is laid here on these so-called hints, in whatever form they may have been transmitted. The American Administration, I take it, desires Europe to understand that, if American susceptibilities are considered and American aims attained in Far Eastern and naval questions, the American public will thereby be wheedled into a more international frame of mind, will be less suspicious; and an atmosphere will thus be created that will make it possible for Washington to do what Washington dare not now attempt — accept the principle of cancelation of Allied debts all round, with probably mitigation or cancelation of the German indemnity as part of the all-embracing scheme.

However all this may work out, the Foreign Office has been sufficiently impressed by what it has gathered as to the present American attitude, to turn a deaf ear to persistent proposals from France and Italy that the European

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Allies insist upon a discussion of the debt question in Washington. Great Britain has informed these two powers that they, for their part, may do as they choose, but that England will for the present let the sleeping dog of the Inter-Allied debt lie. Both the French and the Italian ambassadors here have urged upon Lord Curzon — if my information is correct — that it is up to England to make the first proposals regarding debt-cancelation to the United States, because England is a creditor as well as a debtor, her advances to her Continental allies being roughly balanced by what she owes the United States. Were France or Italy, who owe billions, but have no external assets worth mentioning, to beg off, their statesmen claim, they would be placed in a humiliating position; while English pride need not suffer at offering to forgive obligations to other nations provided similar obligations are forgiven her by America. Britain would have none of this, and unless the point is raised on the initiative of the United States, the debt issue will lie quiescent for the present.

The British delegation have agreed that their chief object in Washington is to insist in securing a definite limit upon the naval establishments of Britain, the United States and Japan. They further agree that such an agreement can be secured only by a satisfactory settlement of all outstanding diplomatic questions in the Pacific. They are inclined to relegate to a second place the problem of land disarmament, not because they regard it as of secondary importance, but because they think that, in the present temper of France, no striking reduction of the military strength of that nation may be expected, except in return for concessions which neither the United States nor Great Britain will feel able to offer. The British delegation will not seriously consider the reduction of the present armed land forces of the Empire, amounting to 740,000 men, because this is regarded as a minimum necessary to preserve the peace at home, in Ireland, in Egypt, and in India and the Near East. But while convinced that we ourselves cannot get along without an army of this size, our delegates are prepared to make comments concerning the maintenance by France of 1,040,000 men of her own, and the 540,000 soldiers of the Polish Army who are munitioned and supplied by the French Republic; forces which, in the English view, are totally disproportionate to any possible opposition which may be offered by any nation or group of nations in Europe to the Franco-Polish coalition.

Returning to the main issues, — in the English view naval limitation and a Pacific agreement, — the British delegation has not yet, I believe, decided upon what is the technical means of arriving at a static basis of relative sea-power. I cannot disguise the fact that considerable surprise has been roused in London by the publication of articles apparently inspired by the Navy Department in Washington, indicating that with the completion of the American naval programme, the United States fleet would be firmly established in 'second place,' having a tonnage some 200,000 less than that of the British Navy. The attempt to assess the fighting value of navies on a tonnage basis is regarded here as either extremely disingenuous or as not altogether candid. The Japanese have been quick to see through the fallacy of this method of presenting the rival strengths of the three nations principally concerned, and should the American Navy Department attempt to discuss the strength of fleets in terms of tonnage, it is quite probable that England, as well as Japan, would put a spoke in that

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wheel by offering to sink several hundred thousand tons of worthless warships off the American coast, or wherever the Conference might suggest.

There are pronounced differences of opinion as to what constitutes naval strength at the present time, and a powerful school of thought in this country argues that the development of aircraft has rendered obsolete the capital ship. Admiral Sims, I understand, is a convert to this view. But, whether the capital ship is worth anything or not, no naval men anywhere would seriously attempt to consider tonnage as a fair basis of comparison, when so much of the tonnage flying the flags of the naval powers is obsolete. The pro-aircraft school is not dominant in the British Admiralty, and the First Lord and his experts are certain to contend that a basis of settlement can be reached only by considering the relative numbers of post-Jutland battleships, with their necessary complements of fast cruisers and destroyers, possessed by Britain, America, and Japan. This argument is bound to raise difficulties, for, since the Battle of Jutland, the British Navy has placed in commission only one ship, the Hood, embodying the lessons of that action, and has only four others authorized, while both the United States and Japan are building whole classes of new sea-terrors, based on what happened in the only great naval battle of modern times.

Great Britain is prepared to accept, as has been officially stated in the House of Commons, the principle of naval equality with the United States. It has not, however, been officially or unofficially even hinted, either by British or American authorities, how Japan is to be fitted into this scheme. British naval men have no objection to Japan being allowed an equality of strength with America and with ourselves, but they do not believe the United States will countenance any such arrangement. A hopeful sign is the statement of the Japanese Admiralty to a Budget Committee of the Diet, that what Japan lacks in actual fighting strength on the water, with relation to the United States, is made up by her more advantageous strategical position. This is considered here to mean that Japan intends, in the event of future hostilities with the United States, to fight a defensive war in Eastern waters, in which case one Japanese dreadnought operating in the China Sea, or even off the Philippines, may be considered as equivalent to two or three Americans, in view of the distance of the nearest effective American base. All this talk of relative naval strength is, however, vague; but I have reason to believe that the Admiralty experts are going to Washington in a nebulous frame of mind, feeling that the problem before them is so difficult, their knowledge of the attitude of the other two nations concerned so imperfect that they cannot in advance define, even to themselves, their own opinions. If the views of the American and Japanese naval men are as shadowy as those of the British, it may take a long time for the three parties really to come to grips.

But if technical naval questions are difficult, and if very little headway has been made toward evolving a programme in London, the same difficulty arises when the political questions at issue in the Pacific are considered. The settlement of outstanding Pacific problems is really more important, in a sense, than arriving at a basis for the limitation of navies, because it is recognized that the limitation part of the programme cannot be effected unless a Pacific understanding exists. The British delegates expect to exercise a moderating influence in Washington on the American-Japanese rivalry, because of the

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British friendship with America and the community of interests understood as existing between the two powers, and the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

It is recognized as inevitable that the character and conditions of the Japanese Alliance must soon be transformed, in the phrase of an authority, 'into an elastic and tentative understanding.' Originally devised to protect British and Japanese interests against the peril of an encroaching Russia, the Alliance during recent years has earned nothing but suspicion of British good-will toward the United States. But the Government are reluctant to abandon an alliance which has rendered splendid service to the two nations, and they are determined not to abandon Japan to the mercies of isolation. Japan, it will be urged at the Conference, has proved a most faithful and loyal ally of the British. She protected English interests before the war in acting as a restraining influence on a Russia feasting her eyes on the legendary wealth of India; and she served splendidly the interests of the Allies during the war against Germany. But for the Japanese Alliance the people of Vancouver might have heard German shells falling among their homesteads, and the Australian troops on their way to Gallipoli and France have presented an easy target for the torpedoes of German submarines. It is recognized that the Japanese reaped substantial advantages out of the war and out of the Treaty of Versailles; but it is thought that peace in the Pacific is more likely to be maintained by a complete understanding with Japan, which offers the diplomatic advantages of friendly advice, than by earning her enmity and driving her to seek support elsewhere.

It will be contended by the British delegates that America is wrong to fear an aggressive Japanese militarism. The British will urge upon the Americans that any militarism existing in Japan is only a passing phase. The Japanese are too shrewd and well versed in the lessons of the war to place their faith solely in the power of arms. Our representatives are flirting with the hope that they can bring America and Japan together. They will try to convince the American delegates that fears entertained in the United States as to the ambitions and aims of Japan are misplaced; and they will offer the Japanese practical advice as to how to deal with their surplus population. The question of Japanese expansion, in the British view, is a problem not unlike that which the similarly constituted British Isles have had to face in the last generation or two; and it is hoped that the Japanese will accept counsel from a nation which has met and successfully dealt in the past with the same issues that now confront the Island Kingdom.

Upon some sort of an agreement regarding the future of China, the British delegates believe that the success of the Conference will turn. There is rejoicing in official circles here at what is regarded as the more reasonable frame of mind which the Washington Administration appears to have developed toward the desires of Japan for expansion on the Asiatic mainland. Britain, the historic mediator and compromiser at so many Conferences, is likely to bring forward proposals to harmonize the respective interests of Japan and the United States in China and Siberia; and if America is willing to give Japan her outlet somewhere, they are hopeful of success.

'China is falling into anarchy,' I was told in an informed quarter, 'and with governments in the North and South, — indeed, something like eighteen governments holding nominal sway in various parts of that great country, —

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no Chinese delegation in Washington can really speak for China as much as a Bolshevist delegation could speak for Russia. Some form of international control over China will be necessary if the whole country is not to fall to pieces. In this control, there is ample scope for the "open door," for the legitimate commercial interests of America and ourselves, and at the same time for all the legitimate commercial aims and desires of Japan. It must be our task to exorcise the suspicions existing between America and Japan; and if this can be done, we do not think there is anything in the Chinese question that need prevent us all from coming to an amicable understanding. For America to deny Japan access to the whole mainland, as certain press comments in the United States at one time indicated might be the case, would be dangerous.'

BATHING IN THE SEA AT NIGHT

BY G. M.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

THE old gray sea who bears us on his breast
To-night, has put away three thousand years,
And we are brave Greek warriors with their peers
Fighting round windswept Troy on Helen's quest.
And we are come in darkness here to lay
Our sorrows with Poseidon: we shall wake
To a new dawn with hearts unstained that ache
For hail of spearshafts and the sounding fray.

To live is good to-night; we may forget
Day's weariness, the futile cares that chain
Us down close prisoners; no vain regret
Shall trouble us; reason is hushed; possessed
Of night's high enterprise we sail again,
Star-guided, to the Islands of the Blest.

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THE CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTION

From the *Westminster Gazette, October 25*
(OLD LIBERAL WEEKLY)

THE election campaign in Canada is now well under way, all the various parties having begun active operations in oratory and organization, and nominating conventions being held every day. Parliament was officially dissolved on October 4, but as the Government are convinced that a protracted campaign will be profitable to them, they have delayed the date of the polling till December 6. Mr. Meighen has reorganized his Cabinet, and while he has secured a few valuable recruits, and has at last managed to enlist passable representatives from the Province of Quebec, the new Ministry excites little enthusiasm or confidence in the country.

The approaching election finds the electorate perplexed by a confusion of issues and parties. For the first time since Confederation, the alternate monopoly of power enjoyed by the two historic parties, the Liberals and Conservatives, is seriously challenged by the appearance of a third party variously called the Farmers' or the National Progressive Party. By-elections have shown it to be capable of sweeping at least the rural constituencies west of the river Ottawa, and it is the dominant political force in the prairie provinces, enjoying the support of city papers like the Manitoba *Free Press*. The new party had its origin in the dissatisfaction of Radical elements with the forces controlling the Liberal Party; and the charge that the powerful financial influences centred in Montreal and Toronto have had since 1900 an undue influence over its policies might be difficult to refute.

The first signs of revolt came from the prairie provinces, where farmers' associations began to be freely formed about 1906. Their pressure drove the Laurier Government to negotiate the famous Reciprocity Treaty of 1911; but it was defeated by a combination of circumstances, and by methods which many of the victors would like to forget. The Conservative Government, which came into office under Sir R. Borden, was in deep water when the war broke out, and, after directing the national war-effort for three years, broke down in 1917, when it was replaced by a Coalition of Conservatives and Conscriptionist Liberals. Sir Robert Borden, who headed the Coalition, always hoped that it would develop into a permanent Centre Party; but the Liberal elements gradually withdrew, and to-day Mr. Arthur Meighen, who became Premier in 1920, on the breakdown of Sir Robert's health, can command the support of only a meagre band of comparatively insignificant Liberals. For all practical purposes his Cabinet and party are Conservative in structure, but for window-dressing purposes they enjoy the title of National Liberal and Conservative.

Meanwhile, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the veteran chieftain of Liberalism, had died in 1919, and at a National Convention the Liberal Party had chosen as his successor Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, who, at the age of forty-six, had enjoyed long political and administrative experience. He organized the Labor Department at Ottawa as its first Deputy-Minister, and, entering Parliament in 1909, became its first political chief. Defeated in 1911, he entered the service of the Rockefeller

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Foundation, and has published the fruit of his researches under its auspices into labor problems in a book called *Industry and Humanity*. Mr. King can therefore claim to be an authority upon industrial problems, and he is a first-rate platform speaker. But his mind works too slowly for success on the floor of Parliament, where Mr. Meighen has always been his master.

His supporters for the Liberal leadership thought that Mr. King would attract the enthusiasm and support of the Labor Party and the insurgent farmer elements, and he has been unwearying in his overtures for their alliance. But the farmers, while admitting that the new Liberal programme came reasonably near their own, still suspected the honesty of purpose of prominent elements in the Liberal Party, and, flatly declining to come into its fold, set about the organization of the National Progressive Party. The great mass of the rural vote swung to the new party, and Liberal candidates at by-elections in country constituencies fared badly.

Thereupon the Liberal Protectionists were able to argue with some force that the Radical low-tariff programme had failed to attract the expected rural support, and was alienating Liberal voters in industrial centres. So, since the campaign opened, Mr. King, and other Liberal leaders have shown a disposition to prove by their public utterances that they are not such relentless critics of the existing fiscal system as they seemed a year ago. Some frankly Protectionist speeches made by Sir Lomer Gouin, Mr. Lemieux, and other leading French-Canadians, at a party banquet in Montreal, at which Mr. King was present, have convinced the Progressives that their suspicions were well founded, and hopes of coöperation in the election and an adjustment of seats between Liberal and Progressive candidates have disappeared.

In the regions lying west of Ottawa the Liberal Party is more or less derelict, and can expect only a modicum of seats. But it has one great bulwark of strength: the French-Canadian race, numbering almost one third of the whole population, is, unless the signs are false, firmly determined to pay a last tribute to the memory of its beloved Laurier, by casting an almost solid vote for the party which he so long and ably led. Liberalism is also strong in the Maritime Provinces, where politics are determined at birth, and Mr. King might secure three fifths of the seats there. It is hardly possible that he can obtain a clear majority over the other groups, but he commands the greatest number of safe seats, and may head the largest group in the new House. At present, he is campaigning in Nova Scotia, where the Premier is also on the warpath; and he intends to visit every important centre before election day.

The prospects of the Government are not bright, and there is almost complete unanimity among the political experts that they cannot hope to obtain a clear majority. One of their new ministers, in a recent speech, would claim only 110 seats out of 235, and more pessimistic judges predict that their quota in the next House may be reduced from 125 to 60, which would leave them the smallest group apart from the Labor Party. Mr. Meighen, however, is a born political fighter, and, if he had better platform assistance, might make some headway before polling day. Both in his election manifesto and in his speeches he has strained every effort to narrow the contest to the tariff issue. He draws harrowing pictures of the adverse effects upon Canadian industries which the consummation of the Opposition programmes

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would produce, and asserts that, in view of recent and impending tariff legislation at Washington, it would be criminal folly for Canada to lower her tariff walls. He accuses the Liberal Party of hypocrisy in its tariff attitude, but hitherto has directed his main fire upon the Progressives. Undoubtedly an able appeal to Protectionist sentiment, such as he can make, will win votes in the Eastern towns and cities; but the general unpopularity of his Government and the fact that the Liberals disclaim all idea of drastic tariff reductions make it unlikely that he will be able to snatch a victory.

Mr. T. A. Crerar, the Progressive leader, inaugurated his campaign at Brandon, Manitoba, on October 5, and in his initial speech struck a note of vigorous Radicalism. He assailed the Meighen Government as a creature of the big business interests, and challenged it to expose the sources from which its obviously ample campaign funds are being secured. He admitted that the Progressive movement, starting among farmers anxious to redress serious grievances, was in its inception tinged with class-consciousness, as both Mr. Meighen and Mr. King have charged, but asserted that it was now attracting to itself, and welcoming, people of all classes. He countered the Premier's argument that Protection had brought prosperity to Canada, and found valuable ammunition in the figures of the last Census, which, though not fully published, are likely to show that Canada's population will once more be over a million short of expectations. He stressed other drawbacks of Protectionism, and urged that the natural industries of the country, like agriculture, had been stifled by the special privileges conferred through the tariff on artificial secondary industries. He complained that neither the Premier nor the Liberal leader offered any solutions for the other serious problems of the country in their speeches.

His speech has caught the ear of the country by reason of a freshness and vigor which have been absent from the orations of his rivals; but it is not to be expected that his tariff policy will excite much enthusiasm in Eastern industrial areas. The Progressives will contest every seat with a rural vote outside Quebec, where they have scant foothold, and will leave urban seats to the Labor Party, with whom they have formed a working alliance in mixed constituencies. They do not cherish any hopes of a clear majority, but hope to return in sufficient strength to force, as in Australia, a fusion of the older parties and clear the decks for a real fight at the next general election.

There will be a multiplicity of three-cornered contests, and even after the last poll has been declared, there will be great uncertainty about the character and composition of the next administration, a fresh coalition being a probable solution. But, whatever the result may be, the holding of the election cannot fail to have favorable reactions upon the political life of the Dominions. The Progressive Party represents the efforts of new forces, which could not find expression, either through a Government surviving on a mandate secured on a special war issue, or an Opposition limited in its outlook by the controversies and circumstances of pre-war days. They have ended the stagnation which has reduced Canadian politics to a low ebb for two decades; and from the process of readjustment now begun, two healthy parties, representing real divergences of opinion, ought to emerge.

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THE REBIRTH OF AMERICAN POETRY

BY VALÉRY LARBAUD

From *La Revue de France, September* 1 *and* 15
(POLITICAL AND LITERARY FORTNIGHTLY)

NOBODY in England ventures to speak of a poetic renaissance. In the United States people do.

'American poetic renaissance is no longer a phrase. It is a fact. The last few decades have witnessed a sudden and amazing growth in the volume as well as in the quality of the work of our poets.' Thus does Mr. Louis Untermeyer express himself in the preface to his book, *Modern American Poetry: an Introduction*, and, indeed, if England can point with satisfaction to the collected works or the thin volumes of a score of genuine poets or interesting beginners born between 1870 and 1890, the United States can offer, in opposition to them, the distinguished names of five masters whose originality and power are beyond dispute: Edgar Lee Masters (born in 1869); Edwin Arlington Robinson (also born in 1869); Robert Frost (1875); Carl Sandburg (1878); and Nicholas Vachel Lindsay (1879) — without reference to younger men, of whom three or four at least can stand comparison with the poets of the English group of the magazine *Wheels*.

A disconcerting fact presents itself to us in the very beginning. The *direct* influence of Walt Whitman is almost wholly lacking in contemporary American poetry. The work of the few poets who imitate him does not appear in the literary publications that really count. These imitators write for a public that is behind the times, for people who have at last discovered that Whitman is a great poet, but who cannot go beyond him; and what they write is Whitman vulgarized and weakened, Whitman as he might be if his poems were dictated by spiritualistic table-tapping. But the genuine Whitman himself is published in editions of fifteen thousand copies at a time. Poor Whitman, whose poems did not sell during his life, who was scoffed at and treated like a village idiot by his rustic compatriots!

It is Whitman's *indirect* influence which appears, as if by reflection, in the best pieces in Mr. Untermeyer's anthology. It is Whitman, and Whitman alone, who has rendered possible this freedom in poetic form and in choice of subjects. It was he who taught the artists of his country, some fifty years ago, that a poet's power displays itself, not so much in the difficulties overcome as in the opportunities discovered. It was he who told them, with that strange prophetic tone, at once epic and familiar, — the tone of the old Puritan preachers, now transmuted into literary beauty, — that the subject of a poet's song ought to be 'the commonplace,' and also the 'I,' moral and physical, the daily spectacles of street and field, the great harbors, the factories, the work of modern man, and last of all, 'these states.' He opened the doors, pointed out the new directions, and gave a great impetus and a fruitful example to the poets of the whole world. In the United States it is the poets of the so-called 'Chicago School' who owe him most, though none of them wish to be regarded as his disciples, and none can be. His indirect in-

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fluence, nevertheless, is visible enough.

Perhaps I should not employ the expression, 'Chicago School.' 'Illinois School,' 'Middle-Western School' would be more exact — even though all this division of the United States into poetic zones is a trifle arbitrary; but I like to write 'the Chicago School,' just as one says 'the Boulogne School,' since it indicates that the United States has several intellectual capitals. Chicago is the most recent, even though the poets who have aided the growth of its glory are no longer numbered among the younger writers. They are distinguished, even outside the boundaries of the United States, and it is only two years since they were brought to the notice of the French public by M. Jean Catel, in *Les Marges*. It is they who best reflect American life, or at least it is they who find subjects for their poems in all its different aspects, from the Puritanism of the lower middle classes to the life of the Chicago workman, even the moving-picture show and the cabaret. In their poetry is everything that we think typically American — dance-music, the tango, and the jazz band. We find in it even a little of *Wyoming Lullaby* and of

> Just a song at twilight,
> When the lights are low, —

just as we find, now and then, a little of 'O sole mio' in Latin elegiac poetry.

There is a literary tradition in the United States at the base of this employment of popular poetry and the elevation of its style. James Whitcomb Riley, of Indiana, one of the finest poetic singers of the nineteenth century, is the chief representative of this tradition. But what can aid us most in understanding the poets of the Chicago School is Francis Grierson's book, *The Valley of Shadows*, recently translated by Léon Bazalgette. One might be surprised at seeing that the translator of Walt Whitman has taken the pains to render into good French a book which is not a great work of literature; but this is an excellent document on American life, as seen by a great spirit. It is a very complete document. It explains things that seem singular and obscure to us, whether in the state of the American spirit that we encounter, or in the American literature of to-day.

Especially where the religious spirit and its manifestations are concerned, the racial problem and a poetic myth cluster about the personality of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Louis Untermeyer's anthology contains seven poems devoted to his memory, and here, too, Whitman was a precursor, the first poet who celebrated Lincoln.

Edgar Lee Masters, who is now fifty-two years of age, achieved fame by the long-delayed publication of the *Spoon River Anthology*, a book composed of epitaphs only, in which each of the dead in the local cemetery tells the story of his life and the causes of his death. Its success was both great and sudden — the public having been charmed by the high vein of mysticism and Puritanism contained in these poems, rather than by their poetic qualities. A collection of *Songs and Satires* followed, and, recently, an enormous narrative in verse, *Domesday Book*, the story of a legal inquiry into the causes of the death of a young girl. A vague and obscure symbolism is contained in this exceedingly long poem, which is usually a little too reminiscent of all that is most prosaic in the least admirable of Wordsworth's poems; but we may return to the 'spoken epitaphs' of the *Spoon River Anthology* with, at least the certainty of finding true poetry there.

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, who is, as M. Jean Catel says, 'from everywhere,' that is, from the United States as a whole, rather than from Illinois, is also

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by the form of his poems, the most original and, for us Europeans, the most American of contemporary poets. In his poetry the jazz band, the tambourines of the Salvation Army, the songs and dances of the darkies, the electrically lighted signs, and the Klaxon hoots of the Ford automobile have entered into literature. The titles of his principal poems — which are also the titles of collections — are significant: 'General William Booth Enters into Heaven,' 'The Congo,' 'The Daniel Jazz.' These poems are among the most sonorous that have been written in the English language, and their rhythm is irresistible. They must be read aloud, as their author reads them, to an accompaniment of drum, cymbal, and shouting. He takes pains to indicate on the margin the intonation that one must give to each part, and sometimes to each verse, of his poem. He writes to be declaimed, not to be read in silence. He has wandered through the United States, stopping in the villages to read his poems, like the teachers and preachers of the epoch when Whitman was a young man — a precedent without which Vachel Lindsay's course would be inexplicable.

He has both the preacher and the teacher in his make-up, and certain of his poems are purely political and didactic. He has written against alcoholism and for the diffusion, or revival, of religious sentiments; but the pains which he, beyond any other poet, has taken, and the care he has expended, in seeking for sonority and variety of tone in each verse, elevate even this sort of utilitarian poetry. One always reads him with surprise and pleasure; and probably, if Whitman were still living, he would regard Vachel Lindsay as the most faithful of his disciples — as the American poet *par excellence*. For our part, we know him to be daring even to the degree of knowing how to lift the greatest vulgarity of ideas, of sentiments, and of tone, up to the realm of pure poetry.

His work belongs to the period 1910–1920, for the jazz band, which has already been out of fashion for a year in England, must be a thing of the past in America. So also the poems of Vachel Lindsay; but what he has done endures and will endure, and the example that he has given, — those great 'syncopated' poems, full of alliterations, cries, invented words, verses repeated in all conceivable tones, — all that will not be lost and has not been created in vain. The later works of Vachel Lindsay are in prose, a prose which is deliberately declamatory, made to be shouted in the market place, and in which one finds sometimes the qualities of his poetry.

Carl Sandburg, who is now forty-three years old, a year older than Vachel Lindsay, has attained a widespread reputation less swiftly, but he has long enjoyed the esteem of men of letters, who hailed the publication of his first collection, *Chicago Poems*, as a great literary event. In this book as in the two which followed, *Cornhuskers* and *Smoke and Steel*, the reader detects everywhere the indirect influence of Walt Whitman of which I have already spoken. It is, for example, enough to compare the poem that gives its title to *Smoke and Steel*, and the 'Song of the Broad-Axe' in *Leaves of Grass*. So far as one can determine the lines of poetic descent, Carl Sandburg has inherited from Whitman two themes: work and modern life, as well as the form, the familiar tone, the simple assemblage of the most commonplace facts, from which the poet derives artistic values. Mary, the telephone girl, with a 'thing-amajig' on her head and with two receivers clamped to her ears, sits all day long at her switchboard, listening to distant calls, putting in communica-

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tion strange voices and invisible faces, turned one toward another. The segregated district of Chicago has just been torn down preparatory to rebuilding, and among the houses with red lights at the door, on which one reads 'The Silver Dollar,' and 'Swede Annie,' Jews are selling scrap iron and storing rags. The buffalo — those buffalo that produce such an effect in the pages of Chateaubriand, 'on the banks of the Méchacébé'— have disappeared, and the men who saw them have likewise disappeared, those who saw them cover the soil of the prairie with the dust stirred by their feet and with lowered heads paw the earth at twilight — neither the buffalo nor the men who hunted them exist. Or else it is a baby six months old, newly bathed, who, fresh as a little fish, squirms in the arms of his father or mother. He is called 'Slippery.' Or else: —

I saw a famous man eating soup.
I say he was lifting a fat broth
Into his mouth with a spoon.
His name was in the newspapers that day
Spelled out in tall black headlines
And thousands of people were talking about him.

When I saw him,
He sat bending his head over a plate
Putting soup in his mouth with a spoon.

Is there a gleam of humor in these heaps of facts? In reading Mr. Sandburg's poems, some of which have been highly successful, one has the impression that this is precisely what Whitman would have written, if for a moment losing sight of his high Hegelian ideal and his educative mission, he had condescended to minor themes. Indeed, he pointed them out, and by frequent repetition brought them to the attention of the poets who came after him. Carl Sandburg does scarcely more than fill out the plan he traced. He carves and retouches a corner of the façade of the great monument erected by Whitman. That is enough to explain the esteem in which American men of letters hold his work; but if I were asked to find French equivalents for his poems, I should find it difficult to do so. Even now, in reading over those that I have given in résumé and the one that I have quoted, one might think of André Spire and certain Unanimist poems. Now, these preceded *Chicago Poems* by a dozen years; and it would not be difficult to show that the first fruits of Whitman's influence appeared in France long before there was anything like them in the United States.

The Boston School, or the New England School, has a great tradition to sustain. For a long time — during almost all of the nineteenth century, in fact — Boston was the sole intellectual capital of the United States. All the greatest names of American literature, save that of Edgar Allen Poe, belong to it. Whitman himself, as he was influenced by the moral and philosophical works of Emerson, also owes something to this school.

The Boston School represented, and still does represent, the culture of the classics and of Europe. During the nineteenth century it was the great avenue for the entrance of English, French, and Italian literature into the United States; for French political ideas, for German philosophy, and for the biological and historical ideas of French and English origin. It is natural, then, that one should seek here for the learned, sophisticated poetry of the United States. As a matter of fact, we do find Miss Amy Lowell, whose poems seem to have been written under the influence of the *Greek Anthology*, the lyric poetry of Elizabethan times, the French Parnassians, and the Chinese and Japanese poets so far as they have been translated. On the other hand, she is one of the first poets who has intro-

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duced into English poetry certain forms of *vers libre*, whose origin goes back to the French symbolists, and not to Walt Whitman.

In the same rank with Miss Amy Lowell, we must place Robert Frost, who is in a certain sense the Wordsworth and the Francis Jammes of the Boston School. Rustic themes and morals, philosophy, and great skill together with an extreme refinement in prosody, mark his work. Conrad Aiken, born in 1889, may be considered the first of the poets of the new generation whose tendencies are already diverging from those of the two poets whom I have just named, but presents claims in common with the literary traditions of New England.

As one mixes all kinds of fruit in a single bowl, I may give, under the general name of the New York School, a list of the most recent and newest poets, those freest from the influence of the nineteenth century, although certain of them, as a matter of fact, do not live in New York. If I were to proceed otherwise, I should have to consider almost as many schools as there are states, and in consequence, as many as there are stars in the Star-Spangled Banner; and then there would even be a London School in American poetry just as there is a South American School in Madrid; for Hilda Doolittle (Mrs. Richard Aldington) and T. S. Eliot actually do live in London.

In what school shall I class Ezra Pound, who lives in Paris? At present, Paris is more in fashion than ever as a residence for American intellectuals and artists. When I speak of the New York School, I understand especially the group of poets whose work appears in the *Dial*. This is one of the best literary reviews of the world, open to a goodly number of foreign writers, in translation, and publishing sketches signed by the most interesting of the American artists. Leaving on one side the poets of the Chicago School and the Boston School, whom the *Dial* prints from time to time, we find that it has for its principal contributors the best poets of the younger generation in America.

First of all, there is the poet who, by his age (for he was born in 1869), may be considered as a forerunner, Edwin Arlington Robinson. His is a curious case. In certain aspects — the classic form of his verse, the absence of all apparent modernism — he seems to antedate Walt Whitman and to be a contemporary of William Cullen Bryant; but for all that, he is not merely a clever poet of cultivation. Of all the contemporary American poets, he is the only one I should dare — in order to give an idea of his poetry — to compare to our Paul Valéry. He does not possess Valéry's magic, that power of recreating the object, that faculty of synthesis, a generalization which permits our poets to give those 'Studies of the Nude' which are rivals in our memories to the most celebrated statues and pictures. No, but Edwin Arlington Robinson has the same attitude as Valéry, the same withdrawal from all that passes as essentially modern, the sensations swiftly noted, the quick glance through the window of the human peep-show. His poetry has a cold and distant air. Odes rhymed according to the rules, impeccable sonnets — in spite of it all, he does touch our emotions. He makes us feel at times that perfection of diction which one never finds save with the greatest poets. 'The Master,' an ode to Lincoln in which there is this verse: —

> The saddest among kings of earth, —

and many others of the same quality, are not to be forgotten. And some modern pieces, written in *vers libre* and spasmodic syntax, seem careless chatter after this firmly wrought poetry which

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always masters the very emotion that it passes on to us. One has an impression that this will not be supplanted.

T. S. Eliot, Alfred Kreymborg, Hilda Doolittle, Mina Loy, John Dos Passos, Wallace Stevens, Wallace Gould, Marsden Hartley, Sherwood Anderson, a group of imagists, and several other good poets, collaborate on the *Dial*, which seems also to be open to the youngest and the newest poets. Of those whom I have just named, the most remarkable seems to me to be T. S. Eliot. He has undergone the influence of Jules Laforgue, but the influence does not overmaster him; and one might also speak, where his poetry is concerned, of Banville and Rimbaud. . . .

Space is not sufficient to permit me to study, even superficially, the other poets of the New York School, who are perhaps as worthy of attention as Edwin Arlington Robinson, and T. S. Eliot — the latter also a remarkable critic. I must content myself with saying that New York is becoming the chief of the intellectual capitals of the United States; for it also has several schools of painters and sculptors, and intellectuals and artists are no longer isolated there. They form groups, coteries, and associations, which consist at times of ambitious nonentities, but which at least have taste and appreciation of arts and letters, and furnish to true artists, to those who 'have something,' a more comfortable and appropriate environment than society or business men.

New York has even its artistic quarter, its Montmartre, Montparnasse, or its Chelsea. This is Greenwich Village, which would probably be the chosen place of abode of a writer who wanted to devote himself to work which he had begun, and to enliven his life with the society of men and women of all sorts; but which offers to young people who love poetry and the arts an atmosphere of camaraderie, of pleasure, and of liberty, and whose existence is enough to make New York the equal of the old European capitals, a city where an artist finds people with whom he can talk shop.

But, alas! the founders of Greenwich Village have forgotten that they live in a land where, after one hundred and fifty years, there is still a colony of Puritan origin, where one was sent to the pillory or publicly whipped for laughing in church; a land still without an aristocracy, and where that reticence, that care for moral rigidity and austerity, that fear of relaxation and appearing too free in words and too gross in actions, still dominate, which in all lands characterize the classes recently sprung from the masses. Poor Greenwich Village, at least forty years away from Montmartre and Chelsea — a kind of revival of *la vie de Bohême* such as one used to find in Mürger!

There is also in the United States a moral league, which calls itself the Society for the Suppression of Vice, whose exploits are innumerable, and would appear unbelievable to us if we had not so many proofs of its activity. It has brought Miss Margaret Anderson, the editor of the *Little Review* — founded expressly in order to publish what is perhaps the most important literary work of the twentieth century — before the police. *Ulysses*, by the Irishman, James Joyce, a work which the Society for the Suppression of Vice considers 'obscene matter,' will soon be published in Paris, far, far from the high and civilizing influence of the S.S.V. Let us do homage to these well-intentioned people, but let us not advise them to visit us. They would find Paris hard to civilize, and they would probably succeed much better in Timbuktu.

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EX–SERVICE

BY CHRIS MASSIE

From the *English Review, October*
(LIBERAL MONTHLY)

'WELL, after all,' said his wife, 'it's better than what you had to put up with out there.'

The man smiled blankly. He recognized in that assertive exclamation a defense of housekeeping under desperate conditions. When at home, he wore his old khaki tunic and trousers, to save the waning respectability of a blue serge suit which had bitten so deeply into his war-gratuity.

'That's the worst of blue serge,' his wife had said. 'It do go shiny so quick.'

He recognized the disquieting truth himself, with the ungrammatical language which presented it. Shoddy things.

His wife was one of the regrettable incidents of the great war — a by-product of those spurious emotions which had frothed on top of the national hysteria. The glory-hallelujah patriotic business had got him in the stomach somewhere toward the end of 1914. He enlisted, and added the final touches to the melodramatic picture by 'getting hold of a pretty girl.' Everyone was doing it.

Before the war he could have been accurately described as 'a nice boy — respectable parentage.' He was then something in the City — a clerk, to be sure; but a clerk with distinct prospects. Good-looking, without any impertinent initiative or extravagant ideas, quick at figures, and in possession of the *Morning Post*, which his father gave to him every morning to take to business with him, Master Harold Digby had made a very favorable impression on his employers.

He was nineteen when the war broke out; and before he was twenty, Agnes Bone, anxious to change her name and surroundings for something 'more refined,' had worked her will upon him without his knowing any more about it than the color of her eyes and the curve of her lips. His respectable parents, from patriotic motives, had suspended their wrath to the post-war period, when they gave it forth that they washed their hands of 'this absurd marriage.' Meanwhile, Harold's firm had gone into liquidation, and instead of belonging to the great army of occupation, he found himself reluctantly enlisted in the great army without occupation.

Another difficulty was the baby. He was gradually getting used to this surprising innovation. On his home-coming after demobilization, the child had all the special appeal of an expensive novelty. He wondered — in spite of incontrovertible circumstantial evidence — how it got there, as he might have wondered guiltily at the sudden possession of a motor-car. It was his; and unlike what would have happened in the case of a motor-car, he had got to keep it. He was a parent, a responsible person, a father.

It was rotten luck, but Digby did n't mind roughing it. He took on those initial weeks of unemployment with a great feeling of romance and adventure. He tried hard to get work, drawing his pension on Wednesdays and his unemployment donation on Fridays, and

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walking out in his new blue serge suit, with its dramatic splash of color on the waistcoat, on Sundays, with the self-respecting conscience of a soldier citizen. It was true that his wife's eyes and lips did not exercise over him the same fascination. He had good reasons for knowing that her lips were capable of other things besides curves. He was passably happy in those first days, because he trained himself to an absolute disregard of facts. Digby did not square himself to the truth, which daily accumulated abundant evidence, that his marriage was a mistake. 'One of them war-marriages.' He had a fastidious twist in his character, which objected to anything nasty. He would rather have faced a full orchestra of German big guns than face that phrase.

They had their little pleasures in spite of the price of food. Once a week, sometimes twice, they went to the nearest picture palace, and the woman sat gloating over the radiantly impossible romances, and enjoying the preposterous vulgarity of smart-set interiors. 'Wish we 'ad it,' she moaned. Her voice was like a dirge.

He knew that they were bound in a circumference of mean and provoking anxieties, and there was no escape. His bit of garden was a diverting factor. He filled it with common flowers, such things as will grow on rough soil — poppies and wallflowers and marigolds. He visited it every morning, and at night, when he returned from a hopeless search for employment, it cleansed his mind of bitterness. He sat there for hours on Sunday, with the child, reasonably proud of the beauty he had effected at such small cost.

With that intuitive brightness which is specially characteristic of women, Mrs. Digby reasoned that the only way to make her husband 'buck up' was to do something to this lonely patch of color in his life. One morning, she cut all the finest blooms and, making a bouquet of them, took them to her mother. Then, with the artistic grace of her sex, she confronted her husband on his return.

'I made a bunch of them daisies, and took 'em to mother. I knew you would n't mind,' she confessed, smoothly.

'Daisies? You don't mean —' He hurried out into the yard and looked helplessly at the denuded garden. Then hastening back to the kitchen, he looked first at his wife, then at the dinner she had prepared, and deciding it was necessary to take action of some kind, threw his dinner across the room into the sink.

Later, when he had gone upstairs, he heard his wife saying to a neighbor, over the garden wall: 'Frou 'is dinner in the sink, all because I gave a few flowers to mother. What d'you fink of 'im?'

He was stone deaf in one ear, but pleasant things like that often assailed the other.

Deafness is such an invisible affliction. Blindness is self-evident in its tragic pathos, but it requires an effort of imagination to pity a deaf man. Digby had 'gone down' with a fractured skull. He was 'one of the lucky ones,' being picked out of two on top of a trench, the other being a tangle of blood-pulp. The fractured skull had affected him so that he was nerve-deaf in the right ear, with a constant noise in the head. Asked what it was like, he would say, 'It changes. Sometimes it's like the sizzling noise of frying fish, and sometimes it's like bells ringing. It changes, but it always goes on. I think I should miss it if it did n't. I should think I was *really* deaf. Funny, is n't it? Oh, yes, I can hear pretty well; but I can't locate sound. You might call to me from the right side, and I'd turn to the left, because I heard it there. When I cross a

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road, I can't detect which way a vehicle is coming unless I see it. When you're deaf in one ear, you lose the balance of hearing. Funny, is n't it?'

The Government medical referee, who understood all about it, had recommended him for a pension of fifteen shillings a week for six months, when he was to attend another medical board. The fractured skull, which was the seat of the injury, — a serious one, — was ignored, and 'nerve-deafness of the right ear' given as the reason for a pension. The doctor had told him he was not a bad case, because he could hear very well with his left ear. Soldier-fashion, he accepted the verdict, dumbly, stupidly.

As time went by, he was dragged in front of Labor Employment Committees, and asked why he was still in receipt of an out-of-work donation. After struggling through indescribable meshes of red tape, he was empowered by the local committee to put in for training as a sign-writer under the Government provision for disabled ex-service men. He had to find a master sign-writer who would train him according to the Government regulations. After much tramping and a good deal of despairing, he found such a man. He advised the local committee, who advised the regional headquarters, who advised the advisory committee, who decided that the man who would train him was not the right sort of man.

It was about this time that he purchased some salts of lemon to clean an old straw hat. With the bottle in his hand he played dangerously with the thought of suicide. He was deterred by the uncertainty of the action of the poison, and the ludicrous meanness of murdering himself with some stuff purchased to clean a straw hat to make him fit and proper for life. He also thought casually about his wife, and more intently about his child.

One Friday he visited the Labor Exchange, to find that his unemployment donation had been stopped because 'the making of certain necessary inquiries necessitated a suspension.' The next week he attended the medical board, who reviewed his case, and cut his pension by half. A final award of 7*s.* 6*d.* a week, thirty-five weeks — because 'you can hear very nicely with the other ear, Digby, you know. Good morning!'

It is not fair of anyone to insist that the Government is not taking the most stringent measures in the direction of economy.

Digby made a brown-paper parcel of his blue serge suit, and took a long detour to a distant pawnbroker. 'I'll ask fifteen,' he told himself. 'It'll pay the rent and buy a little grub.'

He stood, rather weakly, not being used to the trade, in the dingy evil-smelling box-compartment; and when the pawnbroker opened the parcel and asked his price, his resolution weakened, and he could only stutter, 'Ten.'

'I'll make it seven,' said the pawnbroker. And with that amount of money Digby left the premises.

Dry-mouthed with the intense misery of his position, and a certain abandonment of spirit, he entered a small public-house, the sort of place which is termed in colloquial affection 'a booser.' A man stood against the bar in a happy state of drunkenness, and greeted him gustily as he entered. 'No offense, mate, but you've been in there. I bet you a dollar you've got a pawnbroker's chit on you. They always come in here after they've been in there.'

'If it does you any good to know it,' Digby replied, 'I have been in there.'

'There, don't get huffy,' said the man. 'Have a drink.'

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'I'm feeling a bit out of it,' said Digby. 'I came in for a drink.'

'Whiskey?'

'Yes, whiskey.'

He had determined to have beer, but there was a twist in the tail of the whiskey which did him good. He began to talk, a little puzzled at the aptitude and fluency of his ideas. 'Why, man alive,' he said, 'all that is needed to solve the out-of-work problem is a ration of bully beef and biscuits; the same as we have often chucked away in the army. If you could only draw your rations from the quartermaster's stores as usual. They used to say, 'as usual,' did n't they? It was a funny life. Not so bad, though. I'd join up again myself, only I got a tap on the nut. Don't think I could stick it. If you could only draw your rations every morning from the quartermaster's stores it would be all right, would n't it?'

The slickness of the thought seemed to fascinate him, till the man left, and he stood in moody contemplation of sixpence-halfpenny. At the same moment his eyes wandered to the mirror on the opposite side of the bar, and he noticed three things — the imbecility of his face, the emptiness of the bar, and a till under the counter containing a little pile of notes on which was placed a pile of silver.

He determined to do the thing without fear, as he had once schooled himself to go over the top without fear. Without fear or feeling. Fear is only feeling, acute self-consciousness, conceit. 'Those damned labor and pension officials,' he was thinking, as his hand crept over the counter. He saw it reflected in the glass, and traced the position of the till. 'Those swine whose entrails are red tape. They've got no mercy, no memory, no imagination; only rules and regulations. Form XB25Z. Case 2075BWL. And that's the bloody country we fought for! The Glorious Dead! Oh! the Glorious Dead are damned lucky to be out of it.'

He was back in the street. He walked casually as under shell-fire, but with a riot of joy and fear in his brain. He turned the corners of three streets, and knew he was safe. The noise in his head broke out into wild triumphant orchestration, like a jazz band. He ran across a main thoroughfare, and just as he was gaining the opposite curb, a taxi-cab caught him in the flank, and he came down with his fractured head on the flags.

The only bit of luck he had was a thin trickle of conscious life before he died. His wife stood at his bedside in the hospital ward.

'Aggie,' he said, 'I've got another twenty pounds out of the army. Didn't think I was entitled to it; but you never can tell in the army what you are entitled to. You'll collect it from the hospital people here. But don't say anything about it. You know, I might not be entitled to it. — Aggie! Aggie! you're here, ain't you? Well, I was sorry about those bits of flowers you took. It was mean — What's that? Reveille? All right, sergeant, I'm coming.'

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THE ART OF JUDGING FOREIGN NATIONS

BY GENERAL VON FREYTAG-LORINGHOVEN

[The author of this article, who is a retired general of infantry, points out some instances in which the German authorities misjudged other nations both before and during the war, but defends the German General Staff against the oft-repeated charge that it grossly miscalculated many factors of high military importance.]

From *Die Grenzboten, September* 28
(Conservative Political and Literary Weekly)

Leroy-Beaulieu, in his well-known book, entitled *The Country of the Tsar and the Russians*, emphasizes the desirability of understanding foreign nations. He turns to the French of 1871 with the words: —

> If we had known how much harshness and asperity, but at the same time how much firmness and decision the German people possessed; how much hidden cupidity and at the same time how much practical sense they had; how much order and discipline there existed in this nation — if we had known all this, we should never have opposed its unification, thus incurring its swift vengeance.

Now no one will deny that the understanding of other nations is a prime necessity. But the acquisition of a correct understanding is exceedingly difficult. Even a keen man's opinions about his fellow men are only partially accurate. His mental picture of his neighbor corresponds only in part to the real person. At bottom, indeed, how little we know ourselves! The literature of autobiography is a sufficient proof of that.

How much less reliable, then, must be our judgment of a whole nation, especially a foreign one! The war was full of surprises in this field; our own people surprised us, at first agreeably, then unpleasantly. Our ally was no less disconcerting. We had expected from Austria a greater display of fortitude, although it must be admitted that, on the whole, the old Empire did resist the stress of the World War surprisingly well. Undoubtedly, we deceived ourselves about our adversaries, just as they deceived themselves about us. Never had they anticipated such a display of strength on our part. Their inordinate demands are now based in part on this recollection of our power; they disregard the fact that we no longer have the capacity that we had before the war.

Our diplomats are charged with having misjudged foreign peoples. In many cases they undoubtedly deserve this reproach; but it must not be forgotten that in this task the diplomatic profession has nowadays to face greater difficulties than in the old days. The sources for the study of foreign countries are more abundant than ever, to be sure, and one can learn much from the foreign press; but the territory which must be covered has enormously increased. It used to be enough if the representative at a foreign capital kept in close touch with a limited number of statesmen and members of the court. Nowadays he must keep his finger on the pulse of the whole nation. It has been said that foreigners, after spending one year in Japan, are apt to believe

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that they have acquired a fair knowledge of the country; but that after ten years they become aware of knowing next to nothing about it. The same thing is true to a greater or less degree of all peoples, Europeans included.

It is, therefore, unfair to berate our General Staff for having misjudged the enemy. Its opinions proved in the main correct, except as regards imponderable forces. Our enemies, it appears, made more serious miscalculations than we did. We now know, from the publications of Pierrefonds, with what exaggerated optimism the French General Staff often viewed the situation. England's confidence in the safety of her commerce was wholly at variance with the facts, as can be seen by consulting the writings of Archibald Hurd. Lord Grey's remark, that England would hardly risk more by participating in the war than by staying out, shows how completely he deceived himself. Let us refrain, therefore, from railing at our General Staff. Grumblers should realize that war, like every other great enterprise, even enterprises in commerce or industry, demands a certain optimism, though it should always be tempered by careful calculation. Frederick the Great possessed this optimism in a high degree. While pressed most severely during the Seven Years' War he persisted in hoping for aid from the Turks. The French were manifestly enabled by their lightheartedness to carry on; the matter-of-fact German saw all things with their shadows around them.

Hermann Stegemann says, in his history of the war: —

> Nothing is more absurd than to deny the fortitude of the French. They have proved, in all the victories and defeats of their rich and varied military history, that, in addition to their proverbial *élan* in attack, they display pertinacity in defense. The Frenchman's well-developed imagination and high spirits help him to see even unfavorable circumstances in a favorable light, and to bear them with grim determination so long as he retains a firm confidence in his leaders.

This is in the main correct, although one must remember that the French army was seriously demoralized by the German blows at the beginning of the war, until the miracle of the Marne restored its confidence and courage. The German General Staff was far less deceived about French powers of endurance than is popularly believed in our country.

Notwithstanding our far-famed thoroughness, we Germans easily form a superficial judgment concerning individuals or nations, because we always read our own traits into them. From time immemorial the German has valued foreign things highly and set them above his own; but his theoretical mind inclines him to invest the foreigner with figments of his own imagination. Our inability to understand others intuitively and clearly did us much harm during the war, alike in contacts with our allies and with the enemy.

So far as the French are concerned, certain historical events have blinded the Germans to the facts. Thus we failed to realize that the French nation, in spite of its revolutions and endless emphasis upon 'freedom,' has always maintained a strong leaning toward authority. That explains why a dominating will such as Clemenceau's could impose itself upon the country and overcome the undeniable war-weariness of 1917.

Another historical trait of the French, which the simple Germans forgot in the course of the centuries, is their innate cruelty. Ludwig Haüsser in his *History of the Age of the Reformation*, very justly remarks concerning the Huguenot wars: —

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It would seem to me as if there is hidden in the French a certain ferocity which, when it has once broken out of bounds, shows itself in excesses that are not usually indulged in by civilized nations. It appears in the religious wars as it did later in the Revolution of 1789. Other nations have experienced the horrors of religious and civil wars; but history affords no example of the refinements of cruelty practised by the French in 1793.

The distinguished Frenchman, de Tocqueville, writes in his well-known book, *The Old Régime and the Revolution:* — 'The French are the mildest and most kindly people in the world so long as their tranquillity is not disturbed, but the most barbaric of all, as soon as they are swayed by violent passions.' Side by side with good and great qualities, one finds in them lower traits. Thus, the French soldiers — and not the colored troops alone — demonstrated, in addition to their heroic courage, the capacity to play the part of *nettoyeur* in captured German trenches. Their treatment of German prisoners demonstrated a nature that did not differentiate them from Apaches. Their officers were completely devoid of that chivalric spirit to which a Frenchman of the old school gave expression in 1870 when he said, 'The person of a prisoner of war is sacred.' White and black Frenchmen, and women as well, have not hesitated to mock and maltreat our prisoners; the Government itself set an example of maltreatment.

The French have always had a talent for warfare; universal military training in times of peace developed their military qualities and spread the spirit of discipline through the nation, besides affording an appropriate expression for their strong consciousness of national unity. Anyone who judged the French people and their army by earlier standards was necessarily surprised by their achievements during the war.

The outstanding trait of the Britisher, his dogged perseverance, was too well known to have been seriously underestimated, although it was of course impossible to foretell how this trait would display itself in the course of the war. Above all things, it is unreasonable to reproach us for not having reckoned with the possibility of a huge British army raised by conscription. How could we possibly have foreseen that the avowedly conservative Englishman would pocket his deep-seated prejudice against this institution, and completely break with his national traditions — as he did? That it so happened speaks volumes for the sound political instinct of these people.

Other British traits were not sufficienty taken into consideration on our side, in spite of the fact that the history of this world-empire gives abundant evidence of their existence. We set far too much value upon British sincerity. Recent publications make clear how we were deceived, again and again, by the unctuous words of the English. The characteristice 'cant' of the Briton was not given its proper rating. In any event, the lessons which history teaches us about other nations can only be applied with reservations, as is demonstrated by Britain's course in this war; for she suddenly abandoned her traditions and became a great military power.

The much vaunted perseverance of the English has not been at all times equally manifest. In the wars with the first French Republic and with the First Empire, the doggedness of England presented, on the whole, an impressive spectacle. Studied in detail, however, it displayed during this long-drawn-out struggle many spasms of hesitation and weakness. Nothing but confidence in their unconquered sea-power inspired the English to keep on. Nelson gave expression to this truth

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when he wrote, in September 1804: 'If our islands in the West Indies should fall, England would seek peace with so faint a heart that it would be humiliating?' After all, it was not preposterous to expect that England, during the World War, might be brought to terms by the pressure of economic interests. Indeed, she came very near asking for peace during the summer of 1917, before she found effective means of dealing with the activities of our submarines.

The support of America, and the community of interests which linked the Anglo-Saxon nations even before America's entry into the war, made it possible for England and for the other Entente countries to continue the struggle. Those of us in Germany who placed confidence in the strict neutrality of America, and who expected the Germans in America to influence the policy of the United States, were bitterly disappointed. An accurate appraisal of America's temper, and a realization of the activity with which English propaganda had been carried on for years before the war, would have saved us from this pitfall. This mistake, however, cannot justly be laid at the doors of our General Staff. In the spring of 1918, our military leaders were not deceived concerning the strength of the American forces on French soil. Foch himself, at the beginning of March, 1918, set the estimate at about 300,000 men, the majority of whom were still in process of training. The heaviest troop-shipments did not start until April. Even though these troops were hastily trained, they weighed heavily in the balance at a time when the armies of both Germany and the Entente were hard pressed for reserves.

Our estimate of the Russians as soldiers proved to be most accurate. Their masses of troops, as we had anticipated, proved to be so unwieldy that the greater mobility of our forces, combined with their unshakable steadfastness, served to counterbalance superiority in members. But we failed to reckon sufficiently with the fact that Russia, by taking prompt measures, could place her troops in action far more speedily than would ordinarily be deemed possible in such a vast country. It was not that our General Staff failed to grasp the mobilizing capacities of our eastern neighbor, but it evidently did not take the political factors sufficiently into account. When we failed to achieve an understanding with either England or Russia our politics encountered an *impasse*, and for the moment we seemed oblivious to the magnitude of the danger. Moreover, we were not fully aware of the great strides that Panslavism had made in Russia. It bent the feeble Tsar to its will, and not only captivated the masses of the people, but held them in its grasp for the first three years of the war. Petrograd could not fathom the political currents of this vast country, and was entirely incapable of directing them. The era in which a Bismarck, through his influence at the Russian Imperial Court, could exert an influence upon Russian politics — that era was gone.

Among our enemies, and those of Austria, none but Italy and Rumania provided an agreeable surprise. Despite the bravery displayed by some units, their armies as a whole proved to be less formidable than might have been expected. As for the Poles, they were an unpleasant eye-opener to us. Having known large numbers of these people at close range in the Polish districts of Prussia, we should have known them and their antecedents perfectly; we should have known what to expect from this undependable, faithless, unbalanced nation, and should not have

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counted upon any service from them out of gratitude for their liberation from Russia and Russian militarism. In this instance the honorable but highly unpolitic habit of the Germans, which makes them attribute to other people their own standards of duty and obligation, did us a bad turn, and one for which we are now paying the penalty. We should have known — yes, must have known — that the heart of Poland throbbed for France and for the Entente; that the innate aversion of the Poles to all things German was far stronger than their hatred of the Muscovite. Instead of trusting these people, we should have been prepared for the worst from them. This was one of our worst blunders.

In time of war, individuals and whole nations show themselves for what they are. This was particularly true of the war we have just passed through, a conflict in which nearly all European nations were engaged. Many a lesson can be taken to heart from it. Unhappily, a great many of them have been already forgotten. All too soon we are dreaming of a reconciliation of nations, in spite of obvious indications to the contrary. We are closing our eyes to the fact that this war, and its aftermath, simply afford new proof that old Ranke was absolutely right when he expressed the hope that no prince, in creating a state, should ever imagine that he could profit aught from something not gained by his own efforts.'

THE NATURE OF CHINESE CIVILIZATION

BY CHEN CHIA-YI

[*The Chinese fortnightly*, Tung Fan Cha Chi, *is liberal in tone and has always been distinguished by its efforts to familiarize its readers with foreign thought. In its earlier days it printed a great many translations from European languages, especially novels; but at present all its articles are entirely original. Great emphasis is laid on new theories in art, literature, and the current schools of philosophic thought.*]

From *Tung Fan Cha Chi* (*Eastern Miscellany*)
(Chinese Liberal Fortnightly)

The overwhelming influence of new ideas upon us since the establishment of the Republic has been a most unusual phenomenon. New currents of thought are flowing in, in rapid succession, and the people have been so attracted by their novelty and strangeness that the weaker-minded have come ultimately to regard their own national heritage with a somewhat suspicious eye.

They have written on numerous topics. They have discussed the relations between our national ideals and what they call the scientific spirit; they have given us an economic interpretation of Chinese thought, exposed the fallacy of our philosophy of life, and made an analysis of the two civilizations, the Western and the Eastern, much to the latter's disadvantage. Many went so far as to assert that,

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even though we are credited with a civilization, it is of little value, a thing of the past, defunct and ineffectual so far as our present life is concerned, and not worthy of comparison with the civilization of the West.

This wholesale onslaught upon our racial heritage is a natural result of the potent influence that foreign ideas have exerted upon men's minds, and represents, faithfully enough, the general attitude of the people as a whole. But, it is not difficult to show that it is prejudice, born of ignorance, lack of sufficient study and clear, penetrating thought. One of my aims in writing this paper is to correct some of these misleading notions.

Among the numerous countries of the East, the civilizations significant for our discussion are, of course, those of China and India. It is unnecessary to say that Japanese civilization, as a separate civilization, does not exist. Until very recently, Japan has always been under the tutelage of her continental neighbor, just as she is now under the tutelage of the West. . . .

The civilization of China is an autochthonous civilization. It is the product of the race itself, and not, as is that of the Western countries, a combination of numerous elements derived from older civilizations. The question of the exact source from which the Chinese people derived the beginnings of their institutions has called forth much speculation from among historians and anthropologists. . . .

We are certain, however, that such historical records as are at present available, confirm the opinion that Chinese civilization is indigenous. Further, these records clearly demonstrate that there were at least four stages in the development and evolution of what may be called our primitive civilization. The first one is the age of the Yellow Emperors, still considered at present as more or less mythological personages. The second is the age of Yao and Shun, to whom Confucius constantly referred as the exemplars of virtuous sovereigns. The third is the revolutionary age of Tang and Wu, culminating in the establishment of the Chow Dynasty, which, through an era of confusion and turmoil, led to the ultimate unification of the Empire under the first ruler of the Tsin Dynasty. These four stages constitute the foundations upon which the subsequent development of the Chinese civilization is based, and as yet there is no evidence to show that any of them was under foreign influence. . . .

Now, when we ask the question what are the distinctive qualities of that civilization which was independently evolved by the Chinese race, and which has served the needs of a populous nation for more than forty centuries, we find, first of all, that it has an unusual power of reconciling the antagonistic elements of spirit and matter, a power which is shared also by the Hindu civilization. The two are naturally in discord, and when they fail to be harmonized, the result is the feeling of the tedium of life. And this constitutes one of the main problems which the great religious leaders and philosophers everywhere are engaged in solving. These two aspects of life in the West have seldom been harmonized. They have had a close external relationship, but they have scarcely penetrated into each other's essence. . . . Spirit and matter have thus remained, for the West, two separate entities which have become more remote and more irreconcilable in proportion as the development of science and the conquest of natural forces for human comfort became more complete in the nineteenth century. And shall we not say that it was the undue emphasis laid upon the material well-being of humanity that

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brought to us the crowning stupidity of the age — the recent war? It is encouraging to observe that, after this appalling episode, the Western peoples are beginning to realize the emptiness of what they had cherished as the essence of life. They are beginning to attach importance to the harmony of matter and spirit, and to turn to the East for example. The recent philosophical disquisitions, especially those published in Germany, as, for instance, Spengler's *Der Untergang des Abendlandes*, and von Keyserling's *Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen*, speak eloquently of the change of attitude and the anxiety for the realization of the eternal values of life. . . .

One of the distinctive traits in Chinese history is the freedom of the state from the interference of any religious institution. In the very first chapter of our national history, we arrived at what Comte called the positive stage of development. This does not mean, however, that moral and spiritual forces ceased to exert their influence upon the practical life of the people. But with the freedom from a theological tyranny, these spiritual forces were given a greater scope of activity and a more spontaneous play of energy. It is thus that, when a remarkable personality appeared, he was able to contribute to the growth of the civilization through his own individual insight into the eternal powers of the moral life. Through the absence of any definite set of religious dogmas, his attention became fixed upon the problems of life itself. . . .

However this may be, we find that our philosophical luminaries were always preoccupied with the means whereby the soul and the body may be unified; and there is no doubt that they have succeeded in an eminent degree.

Whether it is with thinkers like Hsun-tse, or with thinkers like Meng-tse, the emphasis is always on the reconciliation between the two aspects of life. In Meng-tse, it is more than a reconciliation: it is the *conquest* of the spirit over the matter. While both are agreed in the fundamental problem to be solved, Hsun-tse argues that man is by nature bad, and that the salvation of his life consists in the influences from without. With Meng-tse, the end is to be attained in precisely the opposite way. Man, in so far as he is a part of the universal order which is animated by an all-pervading divinity, has in himself the spiritual essence; and it is in the perfection and harmonious development of the spirit within him, and through his own effort, that he finds his salvation.

Meng-tse is never weary of emphasizing the cultivation of that finer spirit of life which gains consummation in proportion as it acquires sublimity, grandeur, nobility; and in proportion as it becomes sublime, grand, noble, its influence over the grosser things of life becomes extensive. It sheds its benignity over them as the gentle dew from heaven, and finally so absorbs them into its system that they no longer have a separate existence, but are a part of that spirit itself. Such is the philosophy of life that is advocated by a notable line of thinkers after him; and it is manifest that it has, to an extraordinary degree, influenced the nation's outlook upon life. It has permeated our social structure and our civilization. . . . Another distinctive quality of Chinese civilization is its pliancy, its flexibility, its ability to assimilate the spirit of the time. The racial instincts of our people have been so much under the sway of its powerful influence, that they are readily adaptable to the requirements of the time.

It not infrequently happens with other races that these instincts are very

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uncompromising in their behavior, so much so sometimes that, instead of submitting themselves to the changes of the environment, they become serious hindrances. It is a patent fact that the great revolutions in history were possible only when there were serious conflicts between the old and the new, when the existing conditions were no longer able to satisfy the demands of the age. But it is a notable fact that in China we do not have such revolutions on a scale large enough to speak of.

The invasion of a tremendous army of foreign ideas in recent times has not resulted in any catastrophe, aside from the revolution of ten years ago, which was really no more than a political ripple. In the meantime, these new ideas are not stubbornly refused; but slowly and steadily they are selected and incorporated into the edifice of our civilization. So flexible is the character of our race and so capable of modification.

I have already said that the separation between theological and strictly human affairs in China took place long before there was any conception of it in other countries. We had early resorted to a rationalistic explanation of the universal system, as it is embodied, for instance, in the Book of Changes. And the remarkable fact is — contrary to what is usually believed in Western countries — that our ancestors realized that the universe is progressive. That is why it is said in the old books: 'The Three Kings in succession do not inherit music unmodified, nor the Five Emperors, ceremony.' This conception has of course an important bearing upon the willingness of the people to change according to the spirit of the times. . . .

But perhaps the most important quality of the Chinese civilization — important for this struggling world of ours — is its ability to expand from nationalism to cosmopolitanism or internationalism. This is a quality which is shared by the Hindus. And I make bold to say that China and India will ultimately provide for the civilization of humanity. . . .

We realize that with us, during the many thousand years of our history, political organization has received but very scanty attention, and people have been led to make the criticism that we, as a race, are incapable of such organization. It seems to me that this is but a superficial observation. A more plausible explanation would be that we are never in the habit of distinguishing the state from the society. Meng-tse has well said: 'The foundation of the universal community is in the state, that of the state in the family, that of the family in the person.' The universal community is only the limit of an ever-widening circle, whose centre dwells right in the heart of the individual. It is thus said: 'From the emperor down to the meanest man, the supreme duty lies in the cultivation of his soul.' It is manifest that, in their fundamental constitution, the individual and the universal community do not differ in the least. The difference is only one of quantity, of size. . . .

It is customary with the Chinese to regard the country and the state as differing in their natural constitution as well as in their appearance. Ku Ting-ling, one of the most cultivated of men in the Ming Dynasty, used to say: 'There is difference between the perishing of a state and that of a country. When a country perishes, there is a mere change of name; but when a state perishes, it means the perishing of civilization itself, the perishing of those ethical ideals which bind men together into a well-organized and harmonious community.'

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It is evident that the country is here considered as no better than a conglomeration of social classes, which are at best mechanical distinctions between groups of individuals. The state, the universal community, is different. It is endowed with those moral attributes which are as essential to its life and existence as they are to that of the individual human being. The utter lack of artificial and superficial distinctions between nations and individuals is thus a most striking feature in Chinese political thought. All nations receive equal consideration, and one nation is superior to another, and therefore different from it, only in so far as it comes nearer to the realization of the established moral standards of life.

We should therefore distinguish the Chinese conception of the universal community from that of other peoples. The idea of the world-state was in the mind of the Romans as much as it was in the mind of the Germans. But mark! the bond for that world-state in either case is militarism. It was the lust for power that germinated the idea.

The Chinese humanist, on the other hand, tries to develop the genuine friendly feelings among the different races of the country, and extends them even to outside the border. It is upon the basis of the universal appeal of a true civilization that he attempts the union of the often antagonistic elements. He tries to cultivate among them righteousness, sincerity, truth, benevolence, all in their purity and simplicity, and considers them civilized or barbarous in proportion as they have or have not cultivated these qualities.

Here, then, is a conception of universal brotherhood founded upon pure justice and those noble qualities which are everywhere regarded as the worthy ends of life. The world would do well to consider it: it will find therein a valuable asset for the realization of the universal community.

The few qualities which I have enumerated I wish to bring especially to the attention of my fellow countrymen, who are at present averse to discussion of our Eastern civilization. But what I humbly ask of them is that they imbibe the true spirit of that civilization. It is unjust to censure it merely because it is accountable for some of the dark spots in our history. . . .

It is incumbent upon us, as beneficiaries of that valuable heritage, to do at least two things. First, we should take great pains to explore the thoughts of our forefathers, and, with a genuine scientific spirit, rearrange and enrich them, in order that we may give them a satisfactory presentation, and account for the structure and constitution of our society. It is necessary to systematize them and to make them familiar to the world, if only for the purpose of further commentary and the elucidation of its essential aspects. And secondly, having done this, it is necessary that we emphasize especially those qualities which have given our Eastern civilization its peculiar worth and dignity, and then so assimilate the distinctive qualities of Western civilization which, after a rigid selection, are found to be essential to our development, that we may construct a true world-state and establish a world-outlook and a world-literature for which, in Europe, such men as Goethe expressed hopes back in the eighteenth century.

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DICKENS, RAMO SAMEE, AND THE THREE POTATOES

BY J. S. P. GROVE

From the *Dickensian, October*
(QUARTERLY DEVOTED TO CHARLES DICKENS)

To many readers the combination embraced in my title may at first seem strange. But some may recall that some six words comprising the basis of this contribution, 'practising Ramo Samee with three potatoes,' are from 'An Unsettled Neighborhood,' an article which Dickens wrote for the November number of *Household Words* in 1854. At the time, the allusion to what is now to be explained would be well understood and enjoyed by the readers. To-day, few but approaching centenarians with good memories could be expected to give direct information on the point. Younger people, by means of descended hearsay, or almost accidental acquirement of the desired source, might be able to elucidate the problem, which last is the case of the writer.

The quotation at first sight impresses the idea that the name is Egyptian or Oriental, something after those of the Arabian Nights, one of the books beloved of Dickens, and so often incidental to his writings; and that the 'practising with three potatoes' may have been imitatory of a juggler or conjurer. This, it will be seen, is the solution. Dickens, as we all know, had a great love of drama, music, and almost anything associated with the stage. This love included the conjuring element, as we learn by reading Forster's life of the Author, his published letters, and the late Mamie Dickens's kindly remembrance of 'her father as she knew him.'

The 'Unsettled Neighborhood' is thus described:—

As to visitors, we really had no visitors at that time. Stabber's band used to come every Monday morning and play for three quarters of an hour on one particular spot by the 'Norwich Castle'; but how they first got into a habit of coming, or even how we knew them to be Stabber's Band, I am unable to say. It was popular in the neighborhood, and we used to contribute to it: dropping our halfpence into an exceedingly hard hat with a warm handkerchief in it, like a sort of bird's nest (I am not aware whether it was Mr. Stabber's hat or not), which came regularly round. They used to open with 'Begone, Dull Care,' and to end with a tune which the neighborhood recognized as 'I'd rather have a Guinea than a One-Pound Note.' I think any reference to money, that was not a summons or an execution, touched us melodiously. As to Punches, they knew better than to do anything but squeak and drum in the neighborhood, unless a collection was made in advance — which never succeeded. Conjurers and strong men strayed among us, at long intervals; but I never saw 'the donkey' go up once. Even costermongers were shy of us, as a bad job, seeming to know instinctively that the neighborhood ran scores with Mrs. Slaughter, greengrocer, etc., of Great Twig Street, and consequently did n't dare to buy a ha'porth elsewhere; or very likely being told so by Young Slaughter, who managed the business, and was always lurking in the coal department, practising Ramo Samee with three potatoes.

I had often wondered who Ramo Samee was, but had a hazy idea of having seen the name in print; and it

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was while re-looking recently amongst some old play-bills of the time when the *Nicholas Nickleby* drama was first produced at the Hull Theatre Royal, that I incidentally came across mention of our so-long-missing juggler. He had performed at Hull between December 26, 1838 and January 4, 1839, inclusive, and the play-bills spoke of his being from the then new London Victoria Theatre, where he had performed for 100 nights. The programme for December 28 included mention of three dramas and farces, *Nicholas Nickleby* for the third night of its first production, and Ramo Samee's performance. Dickens and the juggler therefore were on the stage together.

It will be noticed that Dickens — unless Ramo continued juggling in later years — had carried his mind back sixteen years in naming him, to the period when he himself was twenty-six years of age. As we find by reference that Dickens himself soon after blossomed into being a conjurer, one thinks Ramo Samee's doings must have helped on his inborn enthusiasm for that branch of science.

On December 3, 1842, Dickens is thus found writing to Professor Felton in America as to a coming birthday celebration on Twelfth Night: —

I have provided a magic lantern and divers other tremendous engines of that nature. But the best of it is that Forster and I have purchased between us the entire stock-in-trade of a conjurer, the practice and display whereof is entrusted to me. And oh, my eyes, Felton, if you could see me conjuring the company's watches into impossible tea-caddies and causing pieces of money to fly, and burning pocket handkerchiefs without hurting 'em, and practising in my own room, without anybody to admire, you would never forget it as long as you live. In those tricks which require a confederate, I am assisted (by reason of his imperturbable good humor) by Stanfield, who always does his part exactly the wrong way, to the unspeakable delight of al beholders.

A year or so later one finds Dickens at his tricks again. Macready was in America, his wife remaining in England, and on January 3, 1844, Dickens thus writes him as to a home-gathering which had taken place: —

Mrs. Macready looked brilliant, blooming, young and handsome, and she danced a country dance with the writer hereof in a thorough spirit of becoming good-humor and enjoyment. Now you don't like to be told that! Nor do you quite like to hear that Forster and I conjured bravely; that a plum pudding was produced from an empty saucepan, held over a blazing fire kindled in Stanfield's hat without damage to the lining; that a box of bran was changed into a live guinea pig, which ran between my godchild's feet, and was the cause of such a shrill uproar and clapping of hands that you might have heard it (and I daresay did) in America; that three half-crowns, being taken from Major Burns and put into a tumbler-glass before his eyes, did then and there give jingling answers to the questions asked of them by me, and knew where you were and what you were doing, to the unspeakable admiration of the whole assembly. Neither do you quite like to be told that we are going to do it again next Saturday, with the addition of demoniacal dresses from the masquerade shop; nor that Mrs. Macready, for her gallant bearing always, and her best sort of best affection, is the best creature I know. Never mind, no man shall gag me, and those are my opinions.

In August–September, 1849 (*vide* Forster) Dickens was at Bonchurch, and a bill of a juggling entertainment there in those 'old merry days' by 'The Unparalleled Necromancer, Rhia Rhama Rhoos' (none other than our Dickens, under a name apparently imitative of Ramo Samee) scheduled the following: —

THE LEAPING-CARD WONDER. — This wonder is the result of nine years' seclusion in the mines of Russia.

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THE PYRAMID WONDER. — Five thousand guineas were paid for the acquisition of this wonder, to a Chinese Mandarin who died of grief immediately after parting with the secret.

THE CONFLAGRATION WONDER. — An annuity of £1000 has been offered to the necromancer by the Directors of the Sun Fire Office for the secret of this wonder — and refused ! ! !

THE LOAF-OF-BREAD WONDER. — Ten years in the Plains of Tartary were devoted to the study of this wonder.

THE TRAVELING-DOLL WONDER. — The necromancer's attendant usually faints on beholding this wonder, and is only to be revived by the administration of brandy and water.

THE PUDDING WONDER. — The extreme liberality of this wonder awakening the jealousy of the beneficent Austrian Government when exhibited in Milan, the necromancer had the honor to be seized, and confined for five years in the fortress of that city.

Five years later, in October, 1854 (about which date Dickens would be penning his article for *Household Words*, with its mention of Ramo Samee), he was staying at Boulogne, and saw a conjurer doing tricks at the military camp, whom he acknowledged, in writing to Forster, to be the most consummate master of legerdemain he had ever seen. The conjurer scorned help, stood among the company without any sort of apparatus, and, by the mere force of sleight of hand, and an astonishing memory, performed feats having no likeness to anything Dickens had ever seen done, and totally inexplicable to his most vigilant reflection. 'So far as I know, a perfectly original genius,' says Dickens, 'and that puts any sort of knowledge of legerdemain, such as I supposed that I possessed, at utter defiance.' Nor was Dickens a mean authority as to this, says Forster, being himself, with his tools at hand, a capital conjurer.

In a letter to his daughter Mamie on November 14, 1865, Dickens explained how the flower trick and the exhibition of a Sphinx head on a table were done. In 1896, in her book, she writes as to her father: —

> One of his conjuring tricks at their home entertainments comprised the disappearance and reappearance of a tiny doll, which would announce most unexpected pieces of news and messages to the different children in the audience; this doll was a particular favorite and its arrival eagerly awaited and welcomed.

Having thus given an outline of Dickens's association with conjuring from 1838 (the date of the advent of Ramo) to 1854 (the date of Dickens's reference to him), a period which comprises most of what is known of the novelist as necromancer, conjurer, or juggler, one cannot but recall and reflect that Ramo Samee, the wandering performer from the East Indies, was an entertainer to his great liking, to have so caught his eye and mind as to be remembered through a lapse of many years.

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THE INNS OF LITERATURE

BY 'PENGUIN'

From the *National Review, October*
(CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

'THERE is nothing which has yet been contrived by man,' Dr. Johnson once declared, 'by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn,' and Hawkins tells us he heard the same authority assert that 'a tavern chair is the throne of human felicity.' In which of the tavern chairs in the world of letters would it be most pleasant to take one's ease? Some of the earliest inns of English literature are among the best. What would not one give to have lain at the Tabard in Southwark on the night that the Canterbury Pilgrims put up there; or to have been entertained by Mrs. Quickly at the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, when Falstaff was the principal guest? Fielding's inns, too, would be well worth a visit. Mr. Tow-wouse's house, in *Joseph Andrews*, was not so comfortable as it should have been, though one could put up with a great deal to enjoy the company of Parson Adams. And, judging from the entertainment it furnished, I doubt whether the public-house near Bristol, to which Tom Jones was recommended by the Quaker, would have been classed by Dr. Johnson as a 'good' tavern. On the other hand, the Bell at Gloucester had an excellent landlady in Mrs. Whitefield, while the inn at Upton, which was the scene of so many remarkable adventures, was 'a house of exceeding good repute, whither Irish ladies of strict virtue, and many northern lasses of the same predicament, were accustomed to resort in their way to Bath.'

There are plenty of inns in Scott's novels, among them two or three at which it would have been not at all pleasant to stay. The Cumbrian alehouse, in the *Two Drovers*, besides having a surly and extortionate landlord, was the scene of the quarrel between Robin Oig and Henry Wakefield; while Tib Mumps, the landlady of that other Cumberland alehouse where Dandy Dinmont first met Vanbeest Brown in *Guy Mannering*, was in league with robbers. Another house with not much to recommend it, except the chance of meeting Bailie Nicol Jarvie, was the Clachan of Aberfoil, in *Rob Roy*. It is described as a hovel, and its landlady admitted guests only with reluctance; for, as she told Francis Osbaldistone, 'between sogers and Saxons, and caterans and cattle-lifters, and hership and bluidshed, an honest woman wad live quieter in hell than on the Hieland line.' Against these we may set the Black Bear, in *Kenilworth*, kept by Giles Gosling, who was second only to the famous Harry Baillie 'in the power of pleasing his guests of every description,' and who, being moderate in his reckonings, was justly 'proud of his house, his liquor, his daughter, and himself.' And one might have gone farther and fared worse than at the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's, in *St. Ronan's Well*, a book that is often disparaged, though it is well worth reading if only because it is Scott's sole attempt at actual contemporary fiction.

No novelist has introduced more inns and public-houses into his stories than Dickens. *Pickwick* alone offers us more than a score from which to choose.

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There are no fewer than three White Harts — one in the Borough, where Sam Weller was 'boots'; another at Eatanswill, where Fizkin's people had got three-and-thirty voters in the lock-up coach-house during the election; and a third opposite the Great Pump Room at Bath, 'where the waiters, from their costume, might be mistaken for Westminster boys, only they destroy the illusion by behaving themselves much better.' There are also a couple of Bulls, one at Whitechapel and the other at Rochester; a Blue Lion and a Blue Boar; a White Horse Cellar, at Bath, where Mr. Pickwick met Captain Dowler; and a Great White Horse, at Ipswich, 'famous in the neighborhood, in the same degree as a prize ox, or county-paper-chronicled turnip or unwieldy pig — for its enormous size,' where Mr. Pickwick strayed into the wrong bedroom. Besides these, there are the Saracen's Head, Towcester, where the desperate encounter took place between the rival editors; the Golden Cross — fare from St. Martin's-Grand 'only a bob's worth,' as the cabman remarked — where Mr. Alfred Jingle first entered the story; and a crowd of others, not the least notable being the Marquis of Granby, Dorking, where the Reverend Mr. Stiggins consumed such large quantities of pineapple rum.

My own choice of the inn in Dickens's novels which I should like to frequent, would not be any of these. I hesitate among a number of others, but three or four offer special attractions. The Maypole Inn at Chigwell, in *Barnaby Rudge*, plays a large part in the story, and it would have been agreeable to sit in the high-backed settles of its porch and smoke at its fireside of an evening, were it not that John Willet, its landlord, was so pragmatical a fool. The bar of the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters, in *Our Mutual Friend*, was a bar to soften the human breast, and the tavern was thoroughly well-kept, while it would have been a pleasure to make the acquaintance of its sole proprietor and manager, Miss Abbey Potterson. After some hesitation, I give my vote for the Blue Dragon at Salisbury, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. We may be sure that it preserved its character for cheerfulness, after Mark Tapley came back from America, married Mrs. Lupin, and changed the inn's name to the Jolly Tapley — 'A sign of my own invention, wery new, conwivial, and expressive.'

Neither Thackeray nor Trollope invite their readers into so many inns and public-houses as Dickens does, though each of these writers mentions a few that would be worth a visit. The Wheel of Fortune public-house, in *Pendennis*, had its attractions from those gentlemen in livery, who made it their club. It was there, you will remember, that Morgan overheard the conversation regarding Altamont's identity, between Major Pendennis and the Chevalier Strong; an incident that calls to mind the way that Fagin listened to Noah Claypole and Charlotte, at the Three Cripples, in *Oliver Twist*. And who can forget the contests between Mr. Dockwrath and Mr. Moulder in the commercial room of the Bull Inn, Leeds, in Trollope's *Orley Farm*? The only other Trollopian inn that comes to my mind on the spur of the moment is the Dragon of Wantly, in the *Last Chronicle of Barset* — an inn that contained the mystery of the check which Mr. Crawley was accused of stealing.

Readers will be at no loss to add other inns in fiction to this list.

A good inn to end with is the Potwell Inn, in Mr. Wells's *Mr. Polly*. After the defeat of Uncle Jim, the Inn changed its name to 'Omlets,' a spelling that was Mr. Polly's own, and demonstrated the influence he had over its affairs.

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STARVATION

From *Pravda*, No. 179
(Bolshevist Propaganda Bureau)

The warm red sun sinks to the horizon. It does not see the wretchedness it has created upon earth. It plays with all the colors in a magnificent rainbow, while beneath it stretches a dry cloud, sombre and dull. On a road which passes among fields and meadows baked by the sun and changed to a great desert of dust, on a road where the wagons from the neighboring fields rattle along, one sees a cart about which are assembled a whole household of peasants, and close to them a brown horse, which has just collapsed. On the carriage lies an old woman, motionless; beside her, a child of thirteen or fourteen years, little Tanka, with her dry leathery face and sunken eyes, and then little Vanka, who is on his knees, with his eyes fixed on the distance.

'Vanka, Vanka!' groans little Tanka in her feeble voice.

'What?'

'Don't you see anything?'

'I see nothing.'

Silence.

'Vanka, I am terribly hungry.'

'Do you think that I am not hungry? Wait a little. Papa and mamma will come.'

Tanka falls silent. She turns her head uneasily and licks her dry, cracked lips. Then, as if an idea had come to her, and fixing upon her her great terrified eyes, she cries out, 'Grandmother! Grandmother!'

'Let Grandmother alone,' says Vanka. 'Perhaps she is asleep.'

'All of a sudden I am afraid that because of hunger, she has —'

'Well, what?'

'— That she has died, as grandfather did.'

'What, that she is dead? Why should she be dead?' replies Vanka looking at his grandmother. 'She is breathing —'

'Vanka,' begins Tanka anew, in tearful voice, 'suppose papa and mamma do not come back?'

The two children, wrapped in their feverish dreams, grow still. Silence falls anew. The grandmother, who had been motionless, opens her eyes and turns her head. She murmurs through her dry lips: 'A drink! Give me a little water.'

'Grandmother! Are you coming back to yourself? I thought that you were dead. You know that our *gniedko* [brown horse] is dead.'

'He is dead? Then there is nothing for it but for us to die too. A little water, or else something to stick between my teeth!'

'Patience, grandmother. Papa, or else mamma, will come soon,' says Vanka; and he scans the horizon again. 'There they are! There is mamma, and there is someone with her, but it is n't papa.'

'Who is it?'

'How should I know? They have a bag.'

Toward the carriage comes, on feet which drag painfully, an emaciated woman, bloodless and bowed by exhaustion, and a tall monk, clad in a patched cassock and carrying a bag on his back.

'All this has come to pass because you have forgotten God,' murmurs the monk, as he walks. 'You have turned against the Tsar, and because of your impiety, God —'

'True, it is true,' sighs the woman in a sad voice, giving her children a little water to drink. 'I would have drawn

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up a whole bucket, but I had not strength.'

'You have angered the good God,' grumbles the monk, as he sinks to a seat on the earth, 'and the Tsar has left you and has gone to rule in India. He has gone away with the best among us, and now he is traveling to Egypt, to the promised land.'

The woman, Vanka, and then little Tanka, listened with a sort of black despair. As the monk uttered these terrible words, their faces grew more desperate. Nobody saw the silhouette of a peasant as it appeared close to the carriage.

'What is all this?' cried the peasant interrupting the monk.

'Papa, are you bringing something to eat?' cried Vanka.

'Papa, are you bringing something to eat?' said little Tanka, struggling to rise.

'Go and bring it yourself. There is nobody around here. It is a desert. Who is there to give bread when they have not even spinach? Nothing, not even a dirty chicken! I have followed along the road. I have dug up the earth. There are a few roots, but even they are dried out.'

'All this is because the people have forgotten God,' began the monk again. 'They have revolted against the Tsar —'

'Have you finished, you raving idiot?' interrupted the peasant brutally. 'God? The good God? But who is the first to intercede with God? It is you, you priests, and then it is you whom God does n't even see. Who do you think replies for the herd, the sheep or the shepherd? If it is the shepherd, that shows that you are good for nothing. It is you whom the good God has chastised, and we that are punished because we have supported you too long, you spiders with big bellies! Ho! You fat snout! And I suppose if one fumbled around a little in that bag of yours —'

The monk sprang back.

'But you are n't, you are n't very —'

'Don't be afraid! I'm not a thief. Fill up that paunch of yours.'

At this moment, the old woman, who lay motionless, lifted herself on her elbow, looked around everywhere with vacant eyes and cried out, shaking her head: 'Look, look! Cakes in hats are coming! They are bowing, they are bowing. Good morning, cakes in boots! Good morning!'

'Grandmother, grandmother!' murmured Tanka.

The peasant remained silent a long time. The woman raised herself into the carriage and fell to chewing something quickly.

'What are you chewing?' said the peasant to her, finally.

'An old dishcloth with a little grease in it. I found it. Do you want some?'

'No! It is only worse afterward. That does n't do anything but stir you up. When one's hungry, it is better to sleep, it seems.'

He lifted himself, climbed under the wagon, and stretched out. An hour passed. Suddenly the peasant distinctly heard Vanka's joyous voice.

'Papa, mamma, grandmother, Tanka! Up, quick! Here are messengers from the Tsar of India!' The *moujik* sprang out from beneath the carriage. They were all awake and all joyous and merry, full of hope. They looked far about them. Far away on the horizon was a light coming straight toward them, and in this light they could see two sharp silhouettes. The *moujik* rubbed his eyes, for he recognized men of his district. His uncle Prokhor and his cousin, Mitri Sergeievitch.

'Uncle Prokhor! Mitri Sergeievitch! How does it happen that you have come as ambassadors from the Tsar of India? You look exactly like the Bolsheviki.'

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'We have come to help you,' said they together. 'The Tsar of India has n't anything to do with it. You're flying because you don't know how to struggle reasonably.'

Then the *moujik* heard the sound of a trumpet echoing in his ears, and provisions were spread out about him. He fell upon the bread and broke it. It was a *pâté* with mushrooms. He tried to give some to Vanka, but he already had a cake with icing. He looked at the grandmother, but she had a pot full of soup; and his wife, she had already two pails, one full of milk, the other of syrup.

'Am I dreaming?' said the peasant to himself. Unable to contain himself, he said: 'I see you good people and I say to myself, "Is it you or is n't it you?" Who are you?'

And they never stopped throwing all sorts of things at him: a sewing machine, a threshing machine, a binder.

'Well,' exclaimed the peasant, 'I have n't rubles and here is money. How am I going to gather up and take care of all this?'

Scarcely had the thought crossed his mind, when suddenly everything vanished.

'What is this!' cried the peasant in a loud voice, as he looked around. Above the desert the sun was rising slowly. The peasant climbed out beneath the carriage. He lifted himself, his head was whirling, he could scarcely stand up on his legs.

'Can one dream like that? Oh, the devil! Hé? Wife, my wife! Name of Christ! What, is she dead? Grandmother, grandmother! She too? Tanka! Vanka!'

Vanka lifted his head. 'What is it, papa?'

'They don't move any more,' screamed the peasant, trying in vain to aid the grandmother, Tanka, and the dead wife. 'But what has happened? How? Why did n't they last even until morning? How's that' — He cast a glance around him without seeing anything. — 'Good people, how is this possible? Gniedko, and Tanka, and the grandmother? Good people, if they had only had a bite yesterday, just one little bite!'

Then, taking by the waist little Vanka, who could hardly stand on his feet, he set out staggering along the dusty way in the direction of the city, without even remembering that on his wagon were stretched out the bodies of those who had been dear to him.

The pitiless sun was already high in the heavens, when some people, passing in a carriage for the city, gathered up the peasant and little Vanka, stretched out exhausted on the ground.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

'THE TWELVE'

BY GEORGE SLOCOMBE

[*The Daily Herald*]

[*This poem, celebrating, in one of the most radical of English labor newspapers, the death of Alexander Block, chief among the poets of the Russian Revolution, takes its name from his most famous poem, 'The Twelve'*]

Twelve soldiers of the Red Army
Marching
Like the black shadows of gaunt birds
Over the snow;
Twelve soldiers of the Red Army
Staggering over the snow,
With hunger in their bellies
And ice in their bones,
But in their hearts
Fire, and a tempestuous indignation,
And resolution like a burning sword,
And Death welcoming them
Like a bride.

This was the dream that you dreamed,
Alexander Block,
This was the vision that filled your eyes,
Looking out over the frozen Neva,
Over the pinnacles and towers of Petrograd,
The lost city,
Over the echoing and desolate palaces of the Tsar's mistresses.
This, in hunger and despair of life,
Abandoned by happiness and the illusory phantom
Of the world-wide brotherhood of the sons of man,
This you saw:
Twelve soldiers in the snowy desolation,
And, stumbling before them,
In pride of their pride
And pity of their pity,
Jesus
The Son of God.
First of the revolutionary poets
Of the first Revolution!
Your dust lies now in the lost city
Of the corruption of the Romanoffs,
In the corrupted city purified and made clean
By the blood of the Red Army
And the poems of Alexander Block.
And singers of the Revolution as yet unborn,
Singing their songs of unrest by the forge and the loom,
Expelling the fetid air of serfdom with a great breath,
Singers who never knew you,
To whom you were nothing, not even a name,
Will yet see in your Twelve Soldiers
The twelve disciples of the Lord,
And will remember,
Long after the Red Army is as dust
On the endless Russian plains,
The twelve black shapes on the snow,
And the phantom figure moving in pity and anguish
(Risen again after his countless crucifixions)
To lead the army of the sons of slaves
Out of bondage.
They, everywhere,
In all continents and cities,
In the dark factory and the peasant's hovel,
Who are about to die,
Salute you,
Alexander Block,
Dead poet of the Revolution.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

AMERICAN BOOKS AND FOREIGN REVIEWERS

It takes time, even for a book of genuine significance, to get about the world, but in the end what one half the globe finds interesting, or beautiful, or amusing, the other half is likely to find so too. Mr. Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street* is no longer the chief topic of conversation in what the book reviewers call 'literary circles' in the United States, but by this time Australia has discovered Gopher Prairie. In a late issue of *Stead's Review* a critic who signs himself 'A Friend of the Author' devotes three pages to a review of the American novel. Mr. Lewis's 'friend' finds his novel 'powerfully told,' and has only praise for his story of Carol Kennicott's bitter protest against the life unintellectual as it is lived along the Main Streets of America. But he has one serious fault to find with the novel. 'A "happy ending" is impossible,' and the novel does end happily — at least, so thinks the Australian critic who bids us

> Think how one of the great Russian writers would have left the story running out beyond the horizon of inscrutable tragedy. Our young author has ruined it. This heroic Carol is shamed into a neurotic young matron with too little to do and with a bad liver.
>
> No, my friend Sinclair, though you and I might weakly abandon our protest against the ugly and the inane, against the parasites, the pharisees and the boosters, though we might return as a dog to its vomit, settling ourselves to live apart from the Bzornstams, to patronize the submissive poor while training our children to be super-parasites, the Carol Kennicott with whom you took us through those tragic years could not. She did not. Those last three chapters are not true.

The *Nation and the Athenæum* finds *Three Soldiers*, by Mr. John Dos Passos, somewhat puzzling. By no means disposed to condemn, the English critic cannot bring himself to praise without qualification, and as usual in such cases, the meat of the criticism is in the qualifications: —

> In his not readily classified book, — his second emanating from war-experience, — Mr. Dos Passos presents a view of the war-experience of three American soldiers. He has, quite plainly, written with fiery ardor and almost savage energy; at times his observation of detail is intense. He is making war on war with all the fury which words of his can direct; and in this he does well, for, as we have said, there are those who cannot regard the apparent inability or unwillingness of the age to measure its experience, without some sinking at heart. In how great a degree he succeeds is another question; and, indeed (apart from the advice on the dust-cover), his precise plan of campaign is obscure. He at any rate attacks the war by way of the American army and the influence which it exercises on the three soldiers.

Another American novel which has received attention by British reviewers is Mr. Sherwood Anderson's *Poor White*. Mr. Anderson was recently in England and his novel has been republished in a new foreign edition. The English *Review of Reviews* finds *Poor White* a deeply interesting story, and the story of Bidwell, Ohio, — that other middle-western town of recent fiction, — a vivid and clever study. It is the structural weakness that this critic finds in the novel which leads him to his only adverse comment: —

> The passion with which Mr. Anderson studies it has rather injured his novel as a novel. First Bidwell, and then Clara But-

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terworth, the typical new woman, shove Hugh off the canvas, with the result that the crucial incident of his personal life — his marriage, the consummation, at last, of an actual and close human contact — fails, because Hugh has faded.

It is a far cry from these popular novels to one of the books which seems far more certain to take a permanent place in American literature. The *Education of Henry Adams* is to be found more often nowadays on the bookshelf than on the library table. We have done reading it and put it aside with the other classics. Probably nobody has put it aside for very long. We shall be reading it again. But it is still a new book — or at least new enough for critics to discuss — abroad. Europe, though perhaps not quite so quick as America to recognize the unique quality of the *Education*, is far from neglecting it. A French critic writes: —

> His book, *The Education of Henry Adams*, . . . is the work of a Montaigne who tells us his story with this negative conclusion as his sole result: that all the effort of an entire century is a signal failure to adapt the thoughts and acts of a well-intentioned man to the exigencies of modern life. To prove it, Henry Adams describes his experiences as diplomat, scholar, historian, and philosopher with complete sincerity and consummate art.
>
> In questions of philosophic and religious faith, he has suffered more than anyone else from a tormented search for oneness in the universe. For him, as for Emerson, the problem of supreme importance for us all is that of the one and the many, the universe and the individual. Adams seeks for unity in a world of increasing complexity. Neither history nor science gives him this, and in religion, he remains a skeptic. Like many moderns, he had faith in evolution, but he carried out on his own account certain observations made by Darwin and found his faith upset. . . .
>
> It is a curious book in which the author, himself an example of that complexity which he would say is that of his century, presents himself to us now under the guise of a Hamlet, now of a Montaigne, and sometimes, one would say, of a Nietzsche, and a Charles Sorrell from America. A striking spectacle this of a Yankee turning his back on modernism and seeking the solution of the problems of our epoch in a return to scholasticism.

✻

THE COLLECTED PLAYS OF BRIEUX

THE first volume of a collected edition of the plays of M. Brieux has been issued by Stock in Paris, and is to be followed by others until the author's twenty-five plays have all been reprinted. This first volume contains: *Ménages d'artistes*, *Blanchette*, *Monsieur de Reboval*, and *l'École des Belles-Mères*.

The dramatist has written a short preface for the new edition, rather melancholy in tone; but with characteristic daring, he does not hesitate to attack the most difficult questions of the æsthetics of drama. According to a French critic the preface is typical of the abundant and powerful, although frequently unequal talent of M. Brieux.

✻

CHINESE QUOTATIONS

THE *North-China Herald* tells an amusing anecdote of General Wu Pei-fu which illustrates a characteristic of the Chinese soldier. General Wu commanded the Peking government troops in the fighting at Wuchang. The story goes that he arrived on the battlefield just as the enemy were reaching the last lines of defense. With his bodyguard, only one hundred men, he dashed into the breach and personally directed the counter-attack that repulsed them. When he was congratulated on his success, General Wu, who is a scholar learned in the Chinese classics, as well as a soldier, replied that he did not mean to make a counter-attack,

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but had merely advanced to get a good view of the front.

The Chinese general's remark is not so naïve as it may seem to an Occidental; for the Confucian *Analects* tell the story of an officer in command of the rear-guard in a sortie from a beleaguered city, who distinguished himself by dashing through the city gates after the last of his troops had entered and the gates were being shut in the face of the approaching enemy. When this hero of classic times was congratulated on his gallantry, he made the reply which General Wu's remark recalls: 'I did not mean to be the last man; it was only that I had the slowest horse in the troop.' No Chinese ever makes an original remark when there is a quotation from the classics that will suit the case as well.

✻

PIERRE LOTI'S 'SUPRÊMES VISIONS'

LOVERS of the East, and of M. Pierre Loti's interpretations of its mystery, will have no reason to regret the illness which overtook the author in Constantinople a few years ago. *Suprêmes Visions d'Orient*, the book in which he offers his readers the daily journal of a part of his life in Turkey, had been already begun when he was taken sick; but it was during his convalescence at Ortakeui, in the house of the French consul, near the Bosporus, that M. Loti came to feel more deeply than ever the charm of Turkey, so many memories of which are wrapped up in his life; and here much of the work was written. The Turkey to which he takes his readers is not the land of *Azyiade* nor that of *Désenchantées;* instead, it is the Turkey shaken and weakened after the Balkan wars.

M. de Régnier, of the French academy, has written a long and enthusiastic review in *Figaro*, in which he says: —

> The customs and the manners of Islam have become more and more familiar to him, and what was at first youthful fancy has become a ripened and reasoned conviction. I do not mean to say that M. Loti has become a devotee of the Koran; but he cannot feel himself a stranger in a Mussulman land. He is bound to it heart and soul. Moreover, has he not been willing to give Islam a place in his own home? His house at Rochefort contains a little mosque with its faïences, its *mehler*, its inscriptions from the Koran, its rugs and lamps. There M. Loti, with a fez or turban on his head, goes to dream of Moghreb and Stamboul. . . .
>
> These admirable pages are among the most beautiful that have come from his pen, although M. Loti is one of those authors in whose work it is hard to prefer one thing to another. Everything that he writes is of a peculiar unity; everywhere you will find the same sincerity, feeling and expression, the same hopeless melancholy before the flight of time, the same prodigious faculty for calling up pictures and mystery, and the same sad passionate feeling which has led M. Loti as a wanderer across the world. No place is with him more propitious for the exercise of his gifts than those where he takes us once more in his *Suprêmes Visions d'Orient.*

The name of the author's son, M. Samuel Viaud, appears on the title-page; but this does not signify a genuine collaboration. The book is wholly from the hands of M. Loti, but some pages of the journal have been revised by M. Viaud.

✻

WET AND DRY

IN the overseas observation of the working of prohibition in the United States, there is nothing half-seas-over. It is all extremely sober and serious. Two Labor Members of Parliament have recently visited the United States, to investigate the actual processes of prohibition, and have drawn up a report on what they saw and heard. It contains little of which most thinking Americans are not painfully aware, and

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ends with the following sentences: 'We have honestly endeavored to describe the conditions in America as we found them. We went with open minds, although we had been impressed with the idea gathered at home that prohibition had proved an unmixed blessing to that wonderful country. With this we do not agree.'

The New York correspondent of the London *Telegraph* sends to his paper a similarly discouraging report upon the results of prohibition legislation. It is not ordinarily in a London paper that we look for items which might be found in our own *Congressional Record;* but the *Telegraph* correspondent quotes some pungent lines repeated by Senator Stanley of Kentucky, in urging the adoption of a bill to authorize the sale of light wines and beer. The national anthem of the 'bootleggers' appears to run as follows: —

My country, 'tis of thee,
Land of grape-juice and tea,
Of thee I sing.
Land where we all have tried
To break the law and lied.
From every mountain-side
The bootlegs spring.

My native country free,
Land of home brewerie,
Thy brew I love;
I love thy booze that thrills,
And thy illicit stills.
Thy moonshine runs in rills
From high above.

The stranger's eye often sees things most truly as they are. If the vision is disheartening, at least the knowledge of it should be awakening.

✠

A DISCOVERY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THE cleaning of the exterior of some of the early tombs in Westminster Abbey has led to an interesting discovery, which may enable modern visitors to form a new conception of its ancient grandeur. It has long been thought that the brown-black color of the monuments was due to the dirt and wear of centuries. It has now been discovered that it is really caused by a heavy coat of opaque varnish, applied many years ago, which covers a wonderful display of Gothic heraldic-design work in gold and brilliant coloring. The tomb of Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, one of the three fine monuments on the north side of the sanctuary, and those of Aveline, Countess of Lancaster, and Aymer or Audomar de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, are being relieved of the disguising varnish.

The painting that has come to light on the Crouchback tomb was partially described about one hundred years ago, but it will soon be possible to gain a vivid idea of the whole decorative scheme. The tomb is exquisite in color and rich in pattern. The sculptured figures on the canopy were painted in the old days, and some of this coloring survives in the small figures of the Earl in the effigy, garbed in a surcoat emblazoned with his arms, whose color is so fresh that the complexion of the face is actually visible. The heraldry which covers the moulding is now uncovered, revealing brilliantly painted coats-of-arms. A complete set of drawings in color is being made, to serve as a record for research in the future.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

Brieux. *Théâtre complet de Brieux.* Paris, Stock, 9 *fr.*

Loti, Pierre. *Suprêmes Visions d'Orient.* Paris, Calmann-Lévy.

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1819

1921

WM. B. CLARK, President

ÆTNA POLICIES GIVE FULL PROTECTION AND COVER

Fire	Leasehold	Tourists' Baggage
Marine	Use and Occupancy	Salesmen's Samples
Automobile	Profits	Transit Floaters
Tornado	Sprinkler Leakage	Automobile Truck Transit
Rent	Registered Mail	Explosion
Rental Value	Parcel Post	Riot and Civil Commotion

Losses Paid over $195,000,000

AGENTS AT ALL IMPORTANT POINTS

Cape Breton Tales

By HARRY JAMES SMITH

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